



President Alvin R. Dyer



Elder Marion D. Hanks

Four
Sustained
in New
Callings

May 1968
The Era
Improvement



President Loren C. Dunn



President Hartman Rector, Jr.



Top to bottom: R. Wayne Shute, Lynn McKinlay, D. Chris Poulos, Roy Doney, Ivan J. Barrett, Steve Covey, Elaine Cannon.

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Oakland, July 11,12,13
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Glendale, July 25,26,27
Santa Monica, July 29,30,31
East Long Beach, August 1,2,3
Anaheim, August 5,6,7
West Covina, August 8,9,10
San Diego, July 8,9
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Rialto, July 15,16
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Santa Maria, July 22,23
Fresno, July 26,27
Modesto, July 29,30
COLONIA-JUAREZ
October 17,18,19

BYU EDUCATION WEEKS

Theme for 1968:



The World
is our Campus

Cover Note

Reproductions of color portraits of the four brethren who received new assignments among the General Authorities at April conference make up our cover. The photographs were taken by Saan's Studio in Salt Lake City. See additional photographs and stories on pages 8-11.

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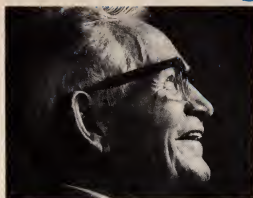
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The Gospel Is Our Anchor



The Editor's Page

By President David O. McKay

● Members of the Church are admonished to acquire truth by study, and also by faith and prayer, and to seek after everything that is virtuous, lovely, of good report, or praiseworthy.

Indeed, one of the fundamental teachings of the Church is that salvation itself depends upon knowledge, for, as we are told through revelation, "It is impossible for a man to be saved in ignorance" (D&C 131:6), and again, "... if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come." (D&C 130:19.)

Insinuations made to the young who are yet undecided as to what are the most important things in life may shake the faith of youth, and "youth without faith is as day without sun."

Schools and churches should radiate the fact that there are in life certain fundamentals that never change and that are essential to the happiness of every human soul.

Parents and officers in the Church must teach more earnestly and diligently the principles of life and salvation to the youth of Zion and to the world in order to help youth keep in proper balance through the formative period of their lives.

Gaining knowledge is one thing, and applying it, quite another. Wisdom is the right application of knowledge, and true education—the education for which the Church stands—is the application of knowledge to the development of a noble and Godlike character.

A man may possess a profound knowledge of history and of mathematics; he may be an authority in psychology, biology, or astronomy; he may know all the

discovered truths pertaining to geology and natural science; but if he has not with this knowledge that nobility of soul which prompts him to deal justly with his fellowmen, to practice virtue and holiness in his personal life, he is not a truly educated man.

The development of character is the aim of true education; and science, history, and literature are but means used to accomplish this desired end. Character is not developed as the result of chance; it comes as a result of continuous right thinking and right acting.

True education seeks, then, to make men and women not only good mathematicians, proficient linguists, profound scientists, or brilliant literary lights, but also men who are honest, who have virtue, temperance, and brotherly love—men and women who prize truth, justice, wisdom, benevolence, and self-control as the choicest acquisitions of a successful life.

The Latter-day Saints are a people of strong convictions; and convictions of the truth are the strongest, most potent forces in the world. It has been truly said that no historic event is so important as the advent of a conviction of a new truth.

If I were to couch in definite terms two of the most potent convictions in the hearts of the Latter-day Saints, I would name: first, an abiding assurance that the gospel as taught by the Redeemer when he lived among men, and which was later modified, changed, and corrupted by men, has been restored by the Redeemer in its purity and fullness; and second, a conviction in the heart of every member of this Church that the responsibility rests upon the membership of the Church to preach the restored gospel to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people.

There always have been, in every dispensation, opportunities for men and women to receive the good news—the gospel of Jesus Christ—and the prophets who have been in tune with the Infinite and who heard first and directly that good news have had imposed upon them the responsibility to convey the gospel to their fellowmen, that those who are concerned with the things of the world might receive the glad message, and be brought into the environment of peace, harmony, and goodwill. In this dispensation, that same responsibility has been given to man.

I sometimes think that in our minds we put off the responsibility of giving that message. That is, if we are called as missionaries abroad, we feel it our duty to proclaim the glad message to the world. If we are called to preside in an organization, or in a branch, or in a quorum, then we feel it our duty to give the good news to those over whom we preside. We wait until some special opportunity is given to proclaim the gospel of Jesus Christ, and yet the duty devolves upon us to proclaim that good news every day of our lives.

We proclaim the gospel in our acts—in the home, in business, in social circles, in politics; everywhere that we mingle with men we have the responsibility resting upon us to give the good news to the people of the world.

I do not mean that we must formally preach the doctrine under all these circumstances, but I do mean that in our lives, in our conversations, we can bear the gospel message to the people of the world.

One of the best ways of building up our home, be it a domicile, a city, a state, or a nation, is to always speak well of that home, city, state, or nation. Let the tongue be under control and speak well of the home. I

have rejoiced time and time again, while visiting with members from different parts of the Church, and with people from different places in the world, to hear them talk about the great things with which God has blessed their area, and they sometimes take time to enumerate them. They have a spirit of contentment about them. And it is good.

But we must always see the whole picture of what surrounds us. We must always recognize the good for what it is, and the evil must also be so recognized. Then we must take the high stand of right, remembering that the gospel of Jesus Christ is one of glad tidings. Preach it, live it in your acts. We can always take the higher stand of truth, the stand of the gospel, and we must.

The gospel is our anchor. We know what it stands for. If we live it and feel it, and if we speak well of it, of the priesthood, of the Church authorities, and of our neighbors, we shall feel happier ourselves, and we shall be preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ. Everyone can do this. It is possible. God has not asked us to do it and then deprived us of the power necessary to accomplish it.

To you young people who are working away from home and parents, to you who may enter college this fall, and to you whose chosen vocations or obligations have already taken you to the various places of the earth, I would say: Stay close to the Church; find activity in it. Stay close to the Lord. Go to him in prayer each morning and evening. Ask him to guide you and bless you in what you are doing. He is your great source of strength. His promises are great, and are fulfilled to his sons and daughters who make themselves worthy of them. ○

I was born September 23, 1888, in the town of Gratteri, province of Palermo, Sicily, a son of Joseph D. and Marianne D. Maria Francesca. On February 22, 1892, my mother passed away; and with my brother Antonine and my sister Josephine. I went to live with my mother's parents.

When I was seven years of age, I attended elementary school. My grandfather, wishing that I might receive training of a religious nature, arranged for me to be taught by his cousin, Vincent Serio. I was so successful in developing the art of reading scripture that by the time I was 11 years of age my teacher praised me well, saying that I was blessed to have such a great gift.

In November 1900, I was permitted to enroll in a high school run by a religious order, and I studied religion there until 1905. Meanwhile, my brother Antonine, who had emigrated to New York City, invited me to come to America. So, at 17 years of age, I sailed from Naples, arriving in New York on October 12, 1905. There I met a friend of my brother, Ariel Debellon, a pastor of the Italian branch of one of the Protestant churches, who engaged me as a teacher to serve members of his congregation. He was so impressed with my gift in reading the scriptures that he suggested I attend Knox College in New York City. I followed his advice and received my degree in religion November 24, 1909.

As I think back over the events of my life leading up to a cold morning in February 1910, I cannot escape the feeling that God had been mindful of my existence. That morning the caretaker of the Italian chapel delivered a note to me from the pastor, advising me he was ill in bed and asking me to come to his house, as he had important matters to discuss with me regarding the affairs of the parish.

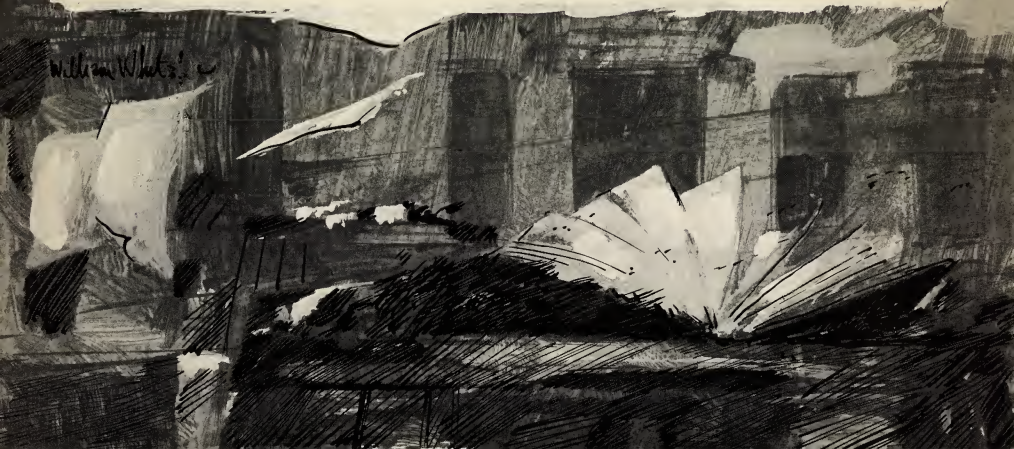
As I walked down Broadway, the strong wind from the open sea blew cold against me, so I held my head down and turned my face away from the wind. It was then I saw what appeared to be a book lying on top of an open barrel of ashes, set there to be picked up by the garbage collection wagon. The form of the pages and the manner in which they were bound gave me the impression that it was a religious book. Curious, I picked up the book and knocked it against the side of the barrel to shake the ashes from its pages. The book was written in the English language. I looked for the frontispiece, but it had been torn away.


As I stood there with the book in my hands, the fury of the wind turned the pages, and one by one, the names Nephi, Mosiah, Alma, Moroni, and Isaiah appeared before my eyes. Since the cold wind was bitter, I hurriedly wrapped the soiled book in a newspaper and continued my journey.

At the parish house I gave a few words of comfort to my colleague Scarillo and agreed to the services he requested of me during his illness. As I walked back to my own lodgings, my mind dwelt on the book in my hand and the strange names I had read. Who were these men? Who was this prophet Isaiah? Was he the one I had read about in the Bible, or was he some other Isaiah?

Back in my room I carefully turned the torn pages and came to the words of Isaiah, which I read most carefully. What could be the name of the church that taught such doctrine in words so easily understood? The cover of the book and the title page were missing. I read the declaration of witnesses in the opening pages and was strongly impressed by the strength of their testimonies, but there was no other clue to the book's identity.

William Whitson





I purchased some alcohol and cotton from the drugstore beneath my lodgings and began cleaning the soiled pages. Then for several hours I read what was written in the book. When I had read chapter ten of the book of Moroni, I locked the door of my room; and with the book held in my hands, I knelt down and asked God, the Eternal Father, in the name of his Son Jesus Christ, to tell me if the book was of God. As I prayed, I felt my body becoming cold. Then my heart began to pound, and a feeling of warmth and gladness came over me and filled me with such joy that I cannot find words to express. I knew that the words of the book came from God.

I continued my services in the parish, but my preaching was tinged with the new words I had found in the book. The members of my congregation were so interested in my words that they became dissatisfied with the sermons of my colleagues, and they asked them why they did not preach the sweet arguments of Don Vincent. This was the beginning of troubles for me. When members began leaving the chapel during the sermons of my colleagues and remained when I occupied the pulpit, my colleagues became angry with me.

The beginning of real discord began Christmas eve, 1910. In my sermon that evening, I told the story of the birth and mission of Jesus Christ as given in my new book. When I had finished, some of my colleagues, without any shadow of shame, publicly contradicted all I had said. The absurdities of their assertions so upset me that I openly rebelled against them. They denounced me and turned me over to the committee of censure for disciplinary action.

When I appeared before this committee, the members gave me what was supposed to be fatherly advice. They counseled me to burn the book, which they said

was of the devil, since it was the cause of so much trouble and had destroyed the harmony of the pastoral brothers. I replied by giving my witness that the book they asked me to burn was the word of God, but because of the missing pages I did not know the name of the church that had brought forth the book. I declared that if I were to burn the book, I would displease God. I would rather go out of the congregation of the church than offend him. When I had so stated, the president of the council ended the discussion, stating the council would decide on the matter later.

It was not until 1914 that I was once again brought before the council. The vice venerable spoke in a friendly tone, suggesting that the sharp words of the committee members at the previous hearing may have provoked me, which was regrettable, since they all loved me and were mindful of the valuable assistance I had always so freely given. However, he said, I must remember that obedience—complete and absolute—is the rule. The long suffering of the members, to whom I had continued to preach falsehoods, had come to an end, and I must burn the book.

In reply, I stated I could not deny the words of the book nor would I burn it, since in doing so I would offend God. I said I looked forward with joy to the time when the church to which the book belonged would be made known to me and I would become a part of it. At this, the vice venerable cried, "Enough! Enough!" He then read the decision that had been made by the council: I was to be stripped of my position as a pastor of the church and of every right and privilege I had previously enjoyed.

Three weeks later I was called before the supreme synod. After giving me an opportunity to retract my previous statements, which I refused to do, the synod

Burn the Book

...or be cut off
from the church forever,
I was told.

By Don Vincent di Francesca

Illustration by Bill Whittaker

confirmed the judgment of the council. I was thus completely cut off from the body of the church.

In November 1914, I was called into the Italian army and sent to the Port of Naples. I saw action in France, where I experienced all of the sadness and suffering associated with the battles of World War I. Remembering the lessons of the book I had read, I related to some of the men in my company the story of the people of Ammon—how they refused to shed the blood of their brothers and buried their arms rather than be guilty of so great crimes. The chaplain reported me to the colonel, and the next day I was escorted to the colonel's office. He asked me to tell him the story I had related to the soldiers, as it is recorded in the twenty-fourth chapter of Alma. Then he asked me how I had come into possession of the book, and why I retained a book written in the English language and published by an unnamed church. I received as punishment a ten-day sentence on bread and water, with the order that I was to speak no more of the book and its stories.

After the end of the war I returned to New York, where I met an old friend who was a pastor of my former church and who knew the history of my troubles. He felt I had been unfairly dealt with, and he began interceding for me with members of the synod. I was finally admitted to the congregation as a lay member. As an experiment, it was agreed that I should accompany one of the pastors on a mission to New Zealand and to Australia.

In Sydney, Australia, we met some Italian immigrants who asked questions about the errors in the translations of the Bible as published by the Catholic Church. They were not satisfied with the answers given by my companion, and he became angry with them. Then they asked me about it, and, knowing I

had the truth in the Book of Mormon, I once again told the story of Christ's appearance to the people of the land described there, and that Christ had said, "That other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd." (3 Ne. 15:17.) When they asked me where I had learned such teachings, I told them of the book I had found. The story was sweet to them but very bitter for my colleague. He reported me to the synod, and once again their previous judgment was confirmed, and I was cut off from the church forever. Soon after, I returned to Italy.

In May 1930, while I was seeking in a French dictionary for some information, I suddenly saw the entry "Mormon." I read the words carefully and found that a Mormon Church had been established in 1830 and that this church operated a university at Provo, Utah. I wrote to the president of the university at Provo, asking for information about the book and its missing pages. I received an answer two weeks later, and was told that my letter had been passed on to the President of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and that he would inform me about the book with the missing pages, which book did indeed belong to the Mormon Church.

On June 16, 1930, President Heber J. Grant answered my letter and sent a copy of the Book of Mormon, which had been translated into the Italian language in 1852 by President Lorenzo Snow while he was a missionary. President Grant informed me that Elder John A. Widtsoe was president of the Church's European Mission, with headquarters in Liverpool, England, and he would give my request to him. A few days later, Elder Widtsoe wrote to me from Liverpool and sent me a pamphlet that contained the



story of the Prophet Joseph Smith, telling of the gold plates and the coming forth of the Book of Mormon. At long last I had learned the rest of the story begun so long ago when, guided by the hand of God, I found the torn book lying on top of a barrel of ashes on a street in New York City.

On June 5, 1932, Elder Widtsoe came to Naples to baptize me, but a revolution between the Fascists and anti-Fascists on the island of Sicily had broken out, and the police at Palermo refused permission for me to leave the island. I was thus denied a chance for baptism at that time.

The following year Elder Widtsoe asked me to translate the Joseph Smith pamphlet into Italian and to have 1,000 copies published. I took my translation to a printer, Joseph Gussio, who took the material to the Catholic bishop of the diocese of Cefalu. The bishop ordered the printer to destroy the material. I brought suit against the printer, but all I received from the court was an order to him to return the original booklet, which he had thrown into some waste paper in a cellar.

When Elder Widtsoe was released as president of the mission in 1934, I started correspondence with Elder Joseph F. Merrill, who had succeeded him. He put my name on the mailing list for the *Millennial Star*, which I received until 1940 when the subscription was stopped because of World War II. In January 1937, Elder Richard R. Lyman, successor to President Merrill, wrote to me, advising me that he and Elder Hugh B. Brown would be in Rome on a certain day and I could meet them there and be baptized. The letter was delayed because of war conditions, and I did not receive it in time.

From then until 1949, I was cut off from all news of the Church, but I remained a faithful follower and

preached the gospel of the dispensation of the fulness of times. I had copies of the standard works, and I translated chapters into Italian and sent them to acquaintances with the greeting: "Good day. The morning breaks—Jehovah speaks!"

On February 13, 1949, I resumed correspondence with Elder Widtsoe at Church headquarters in Salt Lake City. Elder Widtsoe answered my letter October 3, 1950, explaining that he had been in Norway. I sent him a long letter in reply in which I asked him to help me to be quickly baptized, because I felt that I had proven myself to be a faithful son and pure servant of God, observing the laws and commandments of his kingdom. Elder Widtsoe asked President Samuel E. Brighurst of the Swiss Mission if he would go to Sicily to baptize me. On January 18, 1951, President Brighurst arrived on the island, and I was baptized at Imerese, Province of Palermo. According to the records of the Church, this was apparently the first baptism performed on the Island of Sicily. Then on April 28, 1956, I entered the temple at Bern, Switzerland, and received my endowments.

At last, to be in the presence of my Heavenly Father! I felt I had now proved faithful in my second estate, after having searched for and found the true Church by means of an unknown book that I found so many years ago, lying on an open barrel of ashes in the city of New York. ○

Elder Don Vincent di Francesca died November 18, 1966, at Gesta Grätten (Palmero), Italy, in the province of his birth, after a lifetime search for the true gospel of Jesus Christ.

I received as punishment
a ten-day sentence of
bread and water



Family of President Alvin R. Dyer: Front—Gloria Dyer Klein and infant Danny, David and Steven Klein, Sister Dyer, President Dyer, Carol Lynn Smith Dyer and daughter Alisyn, Brent R. Dyer; back—C. Reed Klein, Mark Klein.

Family of Elder Marion D. Hanks: Elder Hanks, Sister Hanks, and Richard, front; Mary, Ann, Nancy, and Susan, back.



Family of President Hartman Rector, Jr.: Daniel, Sister Rector, John, and Lila, front; Linda, Kathryn, and Laura, back. Insert J. Kirk.



Family of President Loren C. Dunn: Sister Dunn, Kimberly, Kevin, and President Dunn.



Four Sustained in New Callings

By Jay M. Todd
Editorial Associate

Members of the Church attending the 138th Annual General Conference in April sustained four men to new positions among the General Authorities. Elder Alvin R. Dyer, an apostle, was sustained as a counselor in the First Presidency; Elder Marion D. Hanks of the First Council of the Seventy was sustained as an

Assistant to the Council of the Twelve; and Elder Hartman Rector, Jr., of Fairfax, Virginia, and Elder Loren Charles Dunn of Natick, Massachusetts, were called to the First Council of the Seventy.



President Alvin R. Dyer has come to his new position after a lifetime of dedication to priesthood responsibilities and leadership. Born January 1, 1903, in Salt Lake City, President Dyer grew to manhood in a worthy Latter-day Saint home with 12 brothers and sisters. "I loved and respected my parents very much," he recently recalled. "My father was part of the Old West now faded and gone. As a child, he was stolen from a pioneer wagon train by well-meaning Indians who left six ponies tied to a wagon wheel to pay for him. But he lived to become a great friend and counselor to the Indians in the West, where his life was spent. As a boy he had the job of lighting 36 gas lamps each night on Salt Lake City's Main Street. He loved horses, and at the age of 16 he herded cattle from the Salt Lake Valley to the Snake River in Idaho; he became a locomotive fireman when 18 years old and an engineer at 20; the latter became his life's work."

President Dyer attended schools in Salt Lake City, particularly distinguishing himself in sports, and then filled a mission in the Eastern States, where he became an area leader and participated in the 1923 Hill Cumorah Pageant, perhaps the first year such a program was presented there.

In 1926 he married May Elizabeth Jackson in the Salt Lake Temple. They are the parents of two children, Gloria May (Mrs. Reed Klein) and Brent, who is married to the former Carol Lynn Smith. There are now five grandchildren.

For eight years President Dyer was a sheet metal worker; he then managed a heating and air conditioning department for a builder's supply firm before organizing a successful distributing company in 1949.

At the time of his call to preside over the Central States Mission in 1954, he had served in three bishop-

rics and on two high councils. Following his four years as mission president, he was sustained as first assistant in the YMMIA general superintendency, and on October 11, 1958, he was called as an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve. He served as European Mission president from 1960 to 1962.

A close friend describes him as "a dynamic, well-organized, and highly spiritual man of God. He has dedicated his life to building up the Church. He is a real career missionary, with the spirit of a hunter for finding and bringing souls into the kingdom, and has the gift and power to imbue others in this sacred cause."

"His keen, enthusiastic, inspirational leadership as president of the European Mission and his indefatigable labors created a tremendous upsurge in the success of missionary work throughout Europe. His instructive bulletins to missionaries, frequent conference sessions, inspiring talks, wise and experienced counsel, and warm, encouraging, personal interviews with each missionary brought astounding results. He gave to the missionaries the stirring challenge to 'testify by the Spirit,' and inspired them to know that the only effective way to teach the gospel is by the 'voice of conviction' in testimony led by the power of the Spirit. He entreated missionaries to live so that they would merit the companionship of the Spirit, and to be fearless in bearing testimony. His watchword to the missionaries was 'Immanuel—God with us!'"

On October 5, 1967, Elder Dyer was ordained an apostle. In his new position, his deep spirituality and strong leadership will bless the entire Church.



For nearly 15 years **Elder Marion D. Hanks** has been a member of the First Council of the Seventy. He was sustained in that position in October 1953. During those 15 years he has distinguished himself as a great counselor of youth, and has marked himself as one with deep insight

and courage, both of which have seen application on a wide-ranging number of problems. He is a popular speaker among civic groups throughout the nation, and will continue to make a remarkable contribution to the Church as editor of the *Era of Youth*.

Born October 13, 1921, in Salt Lake City, Elder

Hanks was two years old when his father died. He and his six brothers and sisters were reared by a widowed mother. A childhood friend recalls a scene from Elder Hanks' youth that reflects the nature of his mother's teachings and the pattern of his own life: "I can still see him walking up Center Street, carrying a box of groceries on his shoulder, delivering them to someone who seemed to need them worse than his own widowed mother's hard-pressed family."

In addition to strong shoulders, he apparently also developed nimble fingers—as a young man he won the state marble championship. This same athletic prowess followed him throughout his high school and early collegiate years; in fact, today Elder Hanks is regarded as a highly competitive handball player. His college basketball coach has said he was the best freshman basketball prospect he had seen at the University of Utah. But he declined a scholarship in order to fulfill a Northern States mission. Since becoming a deacon years earlier, he had stayed up past midnight many a night to read Shakespeare and the standard works of the Church.

During World War II he served aboard a submarine chaser in the Pacific, and following the war he attended the University of Utah and was graduated in law. But instead of practicing law, he served with the Church's seminary and institute system until he was called to the First Council of the Seventy. He still continues to teach an institute class, which is often as crowded as a stake conference session. His greatest joy, he insists, is to assist and encourage people in their search for enlightenment and truth.

Elder Hanks married Maxine Christensen, and they have five children: Susan Gay, 17; Nancy Marie, 16; Ann Elizabeth, 14; Mary Linda, 11; and Richard Duff, 8.

"There is a remarkable kind of magnetism about Duff, as he is affectionately called by friends," says a close friend. "Among his associates, entire evenings have been spent exchanging what have come to be known as 'Duff Hanks' stories—items about his goodwill, his graciousness, his humor, his discernment, his keen mind, his good deeds."

Many a quiet battle he has fought to bring peace among workers. Many a courageous stand he has taken to insure fair judgment of a person or a problem.

Another acquaintance notes, "He gives of himself and his goods freely and without remembering. He bought me a suit for my mission when he needed one himself. I'll never forget him." His rare gift of caring enough to do something recently prompted him to dictate more than 400 personal letters to wives and

parents of boys he had met while in Vietnam under his Orient-Hawaii mission assignment. He has been actively involved in mental health, United Fund drives, Scouting, Parent-Teacher Association work, the President's Physical Fitness Committee (under President Dwight D. Eisenhower), and as a delegate twice to the Strategic War College at Carlisle Barracks, where his participation and prayers are remembered by other delegates. He has truly reaped the respect and love of countless thousands who have been privileged to know him personally or to know of him.

The two new members of the First Council of the Seventy bring very contrasting backgrounds and an impressive array of accomplishments to their new assignments: one, Elder Hartman Rector, Jr., is a convert of 16 years, and the other, Elder Loren C. Dunn, is a son of a stake president.



Elder Hartman Rector, Jr., now 43 years old, has been serving for five years as the senior president of the 542nd quorum of seventy in the Potomac Stake, and is program and budget analyst in the Office of Budget and Finance of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. He was born August 20, 1924, at Moberly, Missouri, a son of Hartman and Vivian Fay Garvin Rector, and was raised on a farm near Moberly, where he was graduated from high school and junior college. In 1947, after fulfilling a term as a naval aviator, he married Constance Kirk Daniel of Moberly and became a Missouri farmer until he was called into active duty during the Korean conflict. He remained on active duty until 1958. It was during the Korean campaign that he met MacDonald Johnson, a faithful Latter-day Saint serviceman who introduced the gospel to him. On an early spring day, March 25, 1952, in about 30-degree weather, Hartman Rector, Jr., was baptized on the outskirts of Tokyo, Japan. His conversion well symbolizes the untold good accomplished by thousands of faithful Latter-day Saint servicemen who have shared gospel principles with buddies and acquaintances. Sister Rector was also baptized in March 1952.

During his military career (he is a captain in the Naval Reserve), Elder Rector studied at colleges and universities in Kentucky, Minnesota, Georgia, and

California. Following the Korean conflict, he became a field review staff officer for the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

His activities in the Church have been varied and rich in experience: Sunday School teacher, four years; ward MIA superintendent, two years; stake missionary, four years (during which time he baptized 47 persons); Washington Stake mission president, one year; stake MIA superintendent, three years; and ward seminary teacher and president of the 542nd quorum of seventy at the present time.

Sister Rector is presently serving as second counselor in the Potomac Stake Relief Society presidency.

Because of their love for Church books, the Rectors have operated the Millennial Bookstore out of their home for some years and have contributed the profits to Church projects. They have seven children: Joel Kirk, 19, serving in the South Brazilian Mission; Kathryn Garvin, 17; Laura Constance, 16; Linda Marie, 14; Daniel Hartman, 11; Lila, 6; John Marcus, 2.

Recalling his conversion, Elder Rector said, "How did I get interested in the gospel? I've looked for the truth all my life. I used to pray, and I guess I've prayed this same prayer a thousand times, 'Dear Lord, please lead me to the truth. Please show me the truth!' That's all I've ever called it, and all I ever really call the Church—the truth. I'm like Will Rogers. He said, 'All I know is what I read in the newspapers'—well, all I know that is worthwhile is what I've learned since joining the Church."

In calling him to the First Council of the Seventy, President McKay said, "I want you to know that the Lord loves you, and so do we." Thus, a man who was baptized 11 months after President McKay became President of the Church now joins President McKay and other General Authorities in the promulgation of that truth to all mankind.



Elder Loren C. Dunn has served for four years as first counselor in the New England States Mission presidency, and is director of communication for the New England Council for Economic Development, headquartered in Boston.

Born June 12, 1930, he is a son of the late Alex F.

Dunn and of Carol Horsfall Dunn. His father was stake president of Tooele Stake for 20 years and publisher of the Tooele *Transcript-Bulletin*. From

1949 to 1953 Elder Dunn attended Brigham Young University (graduating in journalism), where he was a member of the basketball team that won the 1951 National Invitational Tournament in New York City. The squad also toured South America. He then fulfilled a mission in Australia, where he was a counselor to the mission president. The next two years he completed his military obligation in the U.S. Army and served in Europe.

After returning home, he became editor of his father's newspaper in 1953. In 1959 he married Sharon Longden, daughter of Elder John Longden, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, and LaRue Carr Longden. They have two children: Kevin, 7, and Kimberly, 2. In 1961 Elder Dunn left the family newspaper and went east to Boston University, where he received his master's degree in public relations in 1966. He served as assistant director of public relations for the *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund in New York City, and in 1963 he assumed his present position with the New England Council. Elder Dunn, now 37 years old, is a director of the Boston Rotary Club, chairman of the East District, Algonquin Council of Boy Scouts of America, guest lecturer at Boston University School of Communications, and member of several press and public relations professional associations. He has served as LDS servicemen's group leader, Explorer post adviser, superintendent of New England States Mission MIA, and a counselor in a ward elders quorum presidency. Sister Dunn is currently serving as president of the Boston Stake YWMA.

A great motivating factor in Elder Dunn's life has been his father. "To me, my father was the greatest man I have ever known. He taught me—while busy himself—that it is not necessarily how much time you spend with your family, but how you do it that leaves the greatest influence. Through little comments and personal ways, he let it be known that he was deeply concerned with us. I especially remember the great emphasis put on family prayer in our home, and the atmosphere it created. When President McKay called me to this position, he gave me the challenge to fulfill the calling in a manner that would be in keeping with what my father would want me to do, and that's enough of a challenge for a lifetime. It is a very great honor to serve this Church in any capacity, and it is an especially humbling experience to become involved as one of the General Authorities."

The Era congratulates all four men on their new callings and is confident that their future service will be of immense good to the Church and to mankind.

Posed by Charley Lloyd,
Lon Gibby, and Rickey
Langenheim of Laguna
Beach, California.

Is Cens

By Dr. M. Dallas Burnett

Photo by Robert Perine

● The word censorship sounds like a fingernail scraping across a chalkboard.

Censors are associated with the Star Chamber of seventeenth century England. They remind us of the tyranny of Hitler and of modern dictatorships, such as Spain, Portugal, Red China, and the Soviet Union.

In the United States an attempt was made to eliminate the censor and censorship through the First Amendment to the Constitution, which says in part, "Congress shall make no law . . . [forbidding] freedom of speech, or of the press." Censorship, however, is not unknown in the United States. It has been used during time of war, and the Supreme Court has allowed cities and states to pre-censor motion pictures under very special conditions.

But with the current flood of obscene, lewd, and degenerate material that is so readily available to youngsters, is it possible that parents who are concerned for their children may need to advocate some form of legal censorship?

The question is posed with great hesitation. I am a journalist, teacher, and Latter-day Saint. That background demands a commitment to freedom and liberty. Censorship is historically a tool of tyranny. It is my reluctant conclusion, however, that in this country we have finally reached the point where the machinery of the state must be used to protect our youth from those who would exploit sex in books, movies, and magazines. Too many homes have lost control, willingly or unwillingly, of their youngsters' reading

orship the Answer?

and viewing habits.

Increasingly the laws that make obscenity a federal, state, or local offense have become relatively ineffective. The highest tribunal in the land has consistently taken a dim view of local obscenity convictions—finding in many instances that the material viewed as obscene in the local community is not obscene by federal standards.

This unwillingness to accept some local determination as to whether material is obscene or not was repeated in May 1967 when the Supreme Court reversed an Arkansas decision that had found several men's magazines unfit for sale. When the court accepted the case for review, it agreed to look into the matter of allowing the states to establish their own standards of obscenity. This was an approach that had previously been advocated by Justice John Marshall Harlan. In its decision, however, the court did not even discuss this question, which suggests that it will continue to decide obscenity on the basis of a liberal "national" standard.

If the court proceeds on its present course, and there is no reason to believe it will not, prosecutions in cities and states of anything but hard-core pornography will likely fail in the end.

This brings us back to the question of what to do. It may be that now is the time to consider censorship of materials going into the hands of those under 18 unless there is parental approval. Let the adults consume the filth that the Supreme Court feels im-

pelled to protect under the First Amendment, but should we not do something to keep it from the youngsters?

Censorship is a hard word. There are some who would soften the sound by talking about "youth protection" or "classification." Let's not gloss it over. Whatever the phrase, we are talking about some form of censorship of material for youth. The proposal should be examined in that light.

It might be well to look at the legal possibilities and problems before wrestling with the philosophical aspects of this idea. Provo, Utah, furnishes a good starting point. Provo is the home of Brigham Young University, and its population of approximately 42,000 persons is over 80 percent Latter-day Saint. In 1966 the Provo City Commission passed what was called a youth protection ordinance. The law required that all motion picture theater operators and all vendors of magazines and books designate material that was unfit for youth. In this case, a youth was anyone under the age of 18. Once a publication or movie had been so designated, the vendor or operator became subject to a misdemeanor charge if he allowed an underage person to buy a magazine or attend the motion picture. An attempt was made in the law to define what might be considered unfit for youth, and the law further provided that any ten citizens could complain that material had been improperly classified. Upon complaint, the city commission could make an

examination of the case and could withdraw the license of the offending individual.

Just before the law went into effect, it was challenged in Federal District Court by a Salt Lake City magazine distributor. He complained that the law violated the freedom of the press guaranteed in the first and fourteenth amendments to the Constitution. An injunction was granted.

Provo authorities had passed their law with great gusto and at the first indication of a challenge promised a fight all the way to the Supreme Court. There was a change of heart, however, and just before the case was to be heard in Federal District Court, Provo repealed the law and passed two other ordinances.

The new ordinances dealt with movies and printed material separately. More importantly, the new laws eliminated the licensing provisions and also any method of challenging the classification of material made by the news vendor or theater operator. The original law had also left the classification up to the seller, but there was a method of questioning whether his classification had been appropriate. Under the new laws, everything was left in the hands of the seller. His decision as to whether something was obscene or not was the final word.

A complaint was also brought against the two new ordinances by the same Salt Lake City magazine distributor, but the court this time refused to grant an injunction against enforcement of the law. The case, which was filed in mid-1966 against the two laws, has never come to trial and likely never will.

Although the final Provo ordinances

Dr. Dallas Burnett, Orem (Utah) Twenty-ninth Ward elders quorum president and associate professor of communications at Brigham Young University, is a former magazine editor who is intimately aware of the importance of freedom of expression.

"Society may find itself unable even to teach morality."

were toothless tigers, there is a purpose in discussing them. First, there was a psychological factor here that cannot be discounted. The first ordinance never really went into effect, yet most of the magazine sellers in the city complied with it by taking many of the "girlie"-type magazines off the open stands and placing them behind the counters where they were no longer available to browsing youngsters. This action represented a classification of the magazines as "unfit" for youth. And even with the passage of the two new ordinances, which offered no legal threat at all to the dealers, most newsstands continued to keep such magazines behind the counter.

A second significant point in the Provo experiment is that it was precipitated in the first place by concerned citizens. A few people who had been "shocked" by some movies shown locally organized themselves in an attempt to bring about greater public awareness of the prevalence of obscenity and near-obscenity in motion pictures and magazines. The culmination of this effort was the Utah County Council for Better Movies and Literature, which in turn encouraged the passage of Provo's first ordinance. Over one thousand persons attended a meeting sponsored by the council prior to the passage of the Provo law. There can be little doubt that this impressed the city commission.

Genuine citizen concern is absolutely essential in fighting pornography, but at the same time it must be recognized that obscenity is not at all easy to define. Over-zealousness can lead to "witch hunting," which may be just as evil as the pornography itself.

The suggestion here, then, is that

the Provo approach is only a step in the direction of what must eventually be done to solve this problem. It is becoming more and more apparent that the youth protection law is the only real answer. However, any successful youth protection law must have teeth in it. Putting movie house owners and magazine dealers "on their honor" is not the answer, unfortunately.

To be more precise, we are calling attention to a legal concept called variable obscenity, as contrasted with constant obscenity. There are some indications that the Supreme Court of the United States may give its blessing to the idea that materials that are not obscene for adults may be obscene for youngsters. This is not a particularly consistent moral or religious philosophy, of course, but it may very well be the last legal hope in the battle against a declining moral standard.

There are several reasons for believing that the high court may give legal sanction to this idea of variable obscenity. In the first instance, Dallas, Texas, has a law that provides for classifying movies as to their fitness for showing to youngsters under 16. Under the Dallas ordinance, the classification is made by a city-appointed board—in essence, a censorship board. This particular law was found constitutional by the United States Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals in 1966. The case has been appealed to the Supreme Court and will be decided sometime this year. In the opinion of the Circuit Court, the Supreme Court has already suggested and accepted the variable obscenity concept in previous decisions. The Circuit Court judge wrote:

"The acceptance of this variable obscenity approach indicates that the

Supreme Court would uphold a properly drawn statute designed to regulate material obscene as to children so long as the legislation does not have the effect of reducing adults to a level of consumption fit for children. The motion picture classification statute presents a prime example of a means of protecting children without appreciably restricting adults."

In addition to the Dallas case, the high court will also decide the constitutionality of a New York State law that makes it illegal to sell a magazine containing a picture of a nude person to anyone under the age of 17.

Further, the Supreme Court said in the Arkansas decision cited earlier: "In none of the cases was there a claim that the statute in question reflected a specific and limited state concern for juveniles." All of this points to the hope that the Supreme Court is prepared to accept the youth protection law concept.

There is no purpose in spelling out in detail how these laws should read. It is sufficient to make plain that cities and states may be given the legal go-ahead to tighten the lid on the sort of things that may be sold and shown to young people.

Is censorship the answer? Is the problem serious enough to take a step that involves the government in a responsibility that is basically parental?

Reluctantly, I say yes.

Too many parents in our society have abdicated their responsibility. Someone or something must protect these unprotected youngsters. In fact, the protective parents even need help. It is traditional to argue that morals cannot be legislated, but the society that doesn't make a try at it, at least for its children, may find itself unable even to teach morality. ○



J. Edgar Hoover,
FBI director,
writes about the

Evils of Obscene Materials

● The publication and sale of obscene material is BIG business in America today. Degenerate sex pictures and pornographic literature, covertly peddled and sold in most cities and communities, net greedy smut merchants millions of dollars annually.

It is impossible to estimate the amount of harm to impressionable teenagers and to assess the volume of sex crimes attributable to pornography, but its influence is extensive. Sexual violence is increasing at an alarming pace. Many parents are deeply concerned about conditions which involve young boys and girls in sex parties and illicit relations. While there is no official yardstick with which to measure accurately the reasons for increases in any criminal violation, we must face reality. Pornography, in all its forms, is one major cause of sex crimes, sexual aberrations, and perversions.

Is our society becoming so wicked that we are turning from virtue and integrity to immorality and degradation? Are we becoming morally bankrupt and letting

our principles of conduct and decency deteriorate? Are we forsaking the simple teachings of right over wrong and good over bad?

Let us look about us. In the publishing, theatrical, and entertainment fields, are the good, enlightening, and educational qualities of their products being overshadowed by too much emphasis on obscenity, vulgarity, incest, and homosexuality? Many people believe this to be true. But the legitimate productions of these media are rather mild when compared with the hard-core pornography flooding the country in the forms of films, "playing" cards, "comic" books, paperbacks, and pictures. Such filth in the hands of young people and curious adolescents does untold damage and leads to disastrous consequences.

Police officials who have discussed this critical problem with me unequivocally state that lewd and obscene material plays a motivating role in sexual violence. In case after case, the sex criminal has on his person or in his possession pornographic literature or pictures. Under these conditions,

it is not surprising to note that forcible rape in 1966 increased 10 percent over the 1965 total, a violation occurring every 21 minutes. Since 1960, forcible rape has increased 50 percent.

Obviously, all that is being done to combat the sale and traffic in obscene materials in the nation is not enough. Sound and workable laws are needed, and where they do exist, they should be vigorously enforced. Since many courts seem to judge obscenity on the basis of the moral standards in the community, the public has a vital role in upgrading the level of community morality. When obscene material is discovered, it should be exposed and citizens should complain to proper authorities. When pornography is received in the mails, postal authorities should be advised. Citizens should come forward and cooperate in the prosecution of the offenders.

Obscene material is indeed evil, but it is not a necessary evil. If the illicit profits in pornography were replaced with stiff punishments for the filth purveyors, this evil would be brought under control. ○

(Reprinted by permission from the FBI Law Enforcement Bulletin.)

"In case after case, the sex criminal
has on his person pornographic literature."

On Hill Climbing By Enola Chamberlin

*Hurriedly she climbed the hill,
Not that she needed exercise of
body—
Care of her house, her children,
her man,
Gave her that—
But because
She needed exercise of spirit.
She needed to break away,
Needed the challenge,
The excitement
Of doing something
Not to be experienced
In her day-by-day,
Her commonplace living
Of life.
And she found that though
On the far side distance and far
places
Beckoned her,
The sight of her house,
Snug beneath the elms,
The love for her children,
And her man,
Drew her back down the hill,
Her hill of adventure,
Much, much faster than she had
climbed it.*



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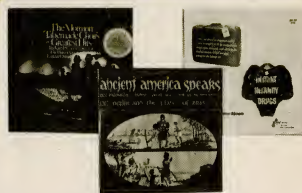
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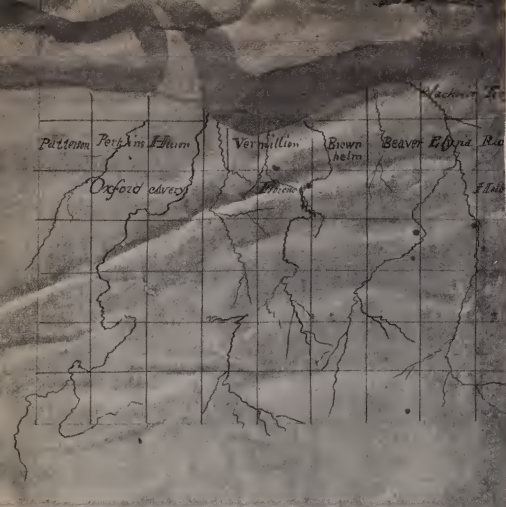
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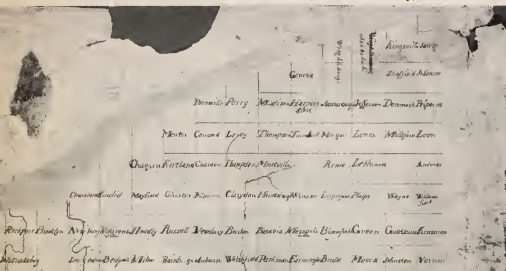
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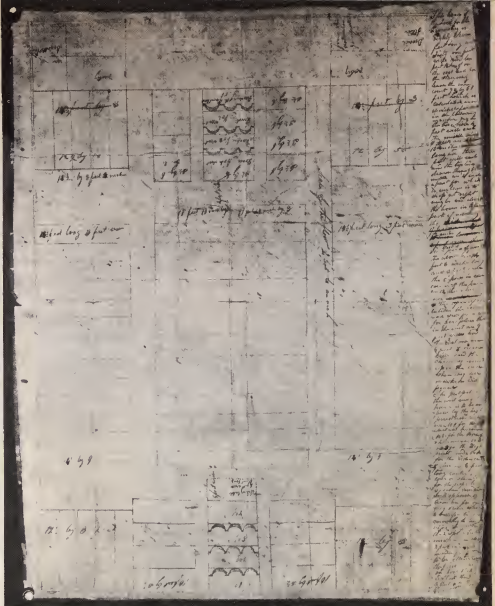
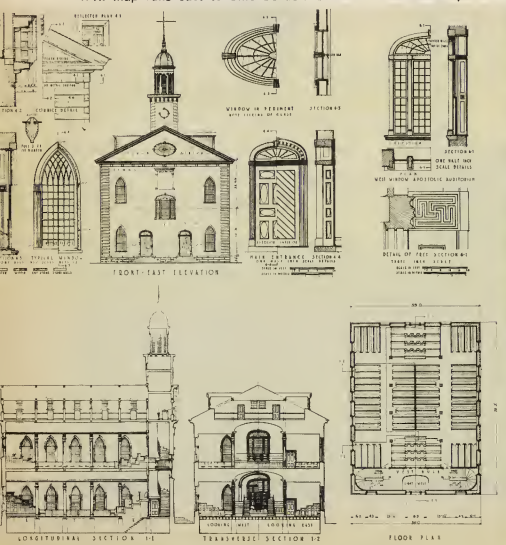
Max. Encl. \$5



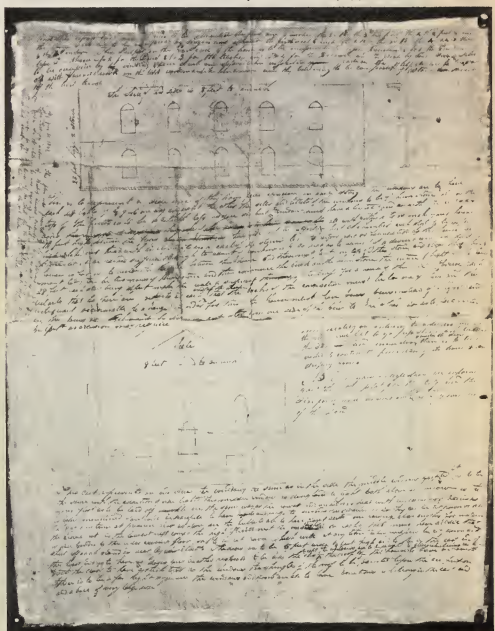
IV-R. Part of Ohio's Western Reserve, near Sandusky, Lake Erie.



II-R. Map runs east to Ohio border. Blocks are six miles square.



"House of the Lord for the Presidency" resembles papyri sketches.

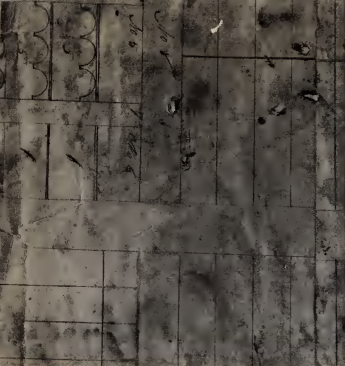


The second sheet of "House of the Lord" calls for five side windows.

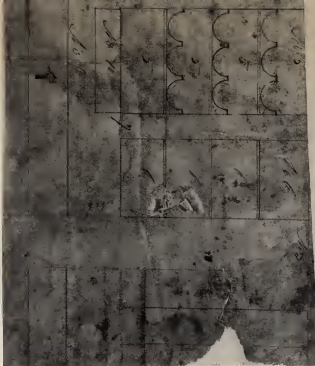
Sketches on papyri backings resemble floor and building plans of Kirtland Temple.

Improvement Era

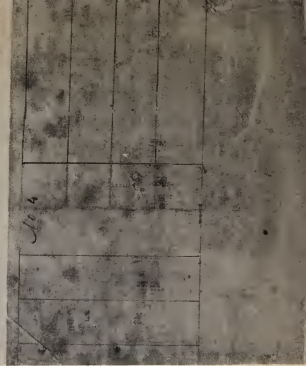
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III B-R. Sketches appear to be plan for temple in Jackson County.



III A-R. The floor plan is also related to the Kirtland Temple.



XI-R. This may be the corner of temple; choir box, audience pews.

The Sketches on the Papyri Backings

By Dr. T. Edgar Lyon



When Michael Chandler's Egyptian mummies were first brought to Kirtland, Ohio, in July 1835, there were "four human figures, together with some rolls of papyrus. . . ." (Documentary History of the Church, Vol. 2, p. 235.) They were objects of great interest and were referred to as "the curiosities."

Because of too much handling, subjection to fluctuating temperatures and humidity, and the hardships of travel as the Saints moved westward, parts of the fragile papyri inevitably cracked, fragments chipped off, and one or more of the rolls probably broke into pieces. Perhaps at Kirtland, but it could have been in Missouri or at Nauvoo, someone attempted to preserve the manuscripts by pasting them on paper. It could have been the Prophet Joseph Smith, or, more likely, someone close to him whom he directed to do the pasting. What was the source of the backing paper?

Probably in the early 1830's some as yet unidentified Latter-day Saint architect or builder drew two or more floor plans for a large building. These early drafts lacked dimensional measurements and were drawn almost devoid of window and door openings. It appears the designer did not have sheets of paper



Shaded area represents maps on papyri.

Dr. T. Edgar Lyon, research historian of Nauvoo Restoration Incorporated and associate director of the Institute of Religion adjacent to the University of Utah, is a former Netherlands Mission president and the author of numerous courses of study for the Church.

One drawing—found in the Church Historian's office—is titled "House of the

sufficiently large to accommodate the entire floor plan, so he drew portions on more than one sheet and then pasted them together to present the entire drawing, using other sheets to form the backing.

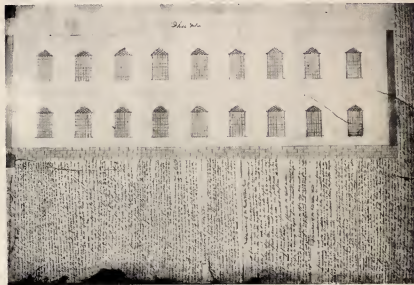
Modifications and improvements were made in the design of this large structure, and more detailed drawings were made. The less detailed drawings were discarded but preserved for other uses, as paper was relatively expensive a century and a quarter ago. When those who decided to preserve the deteriorating papyri fragments sought something on which to mount them, they used these undetailed drawings for the backing, cutting them into irregular sizes, perhaps comparable to the fragments they were intended to protect.

Of the eleven papyri fragments that the Church acquired in November 1967, the ones numbered III A, III B, and XI (these are the identifying numbers used in the February Era) have sections of what appear to be the earlier drawings, referred to above, on their reverse sides. (The letter "R," attached to the February numbering system, will identify the reverse side of any particular fragment. Thus, the reverse sides of III A, III B, and XI will be identified as III A-R, III B-R, and XI-R.)

An examination of papyri fragments I and XI indicates there are drawings also on the front sides to which the papyrus fragments were pasted. (Number XI, therefore, has drawings on both sides of the backing paper.) If all the portions of these drawings were used in mounting the papyri, then there are some pieces of the papyri missing, because all of the segments of the floor plan are not with the papyri acquired last November.

To the observant inquirer, a question naturally arises: What building did these sketches depict? Most people who have visited the Kirtland Temple are probably impressed by the four tiers of pulpits at the east and west ends; each of the upper three levels has three semicircular pulpits, and box-pews at each side face the pulpits at right angles. A comparison of the fragmentary floor plan drawings from the mounting paper of the papyri, when pieced together, could indicate the following aspects of the Kirtland Temple: The numerals inked on III A-R, III B-R, and XI-R probably mean (1) the number 3's

would be the east-west aisles; (2) the number 4's would be the transverse choir box pews facing toward the small box pews that are listed as the number 6's and the pulpits; (3) the number 7's would be the narrow stairways leading to the pulpits; (4) the number 5's would be the nine circular pulpits at each end, and the lower pulpit area; (5) the number 8's and the number 9's would be the transept aisles.



Additional plan is by Frederick G. Williams. Note nine side windows.

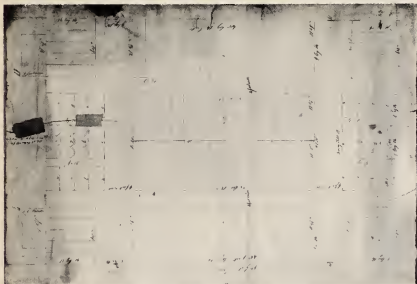
Between the pulpits are the longer box-pews in the center, with shorter ones between the aisles and the exterior walls. (Movable benches in all the pews on the main floor made it possible for the occupants to face either pulpit as occasion demanded.) Double lines on the drawings indicate the places at which the painted canvas curtains (veils), lowered from rollers on the ceiling, would divide the hall into small areas for special meetings. All of these items appear to be similar to the Kirtland Temple with one exception. These drawings provide for 14 rows of box-pews on the floor level, whereas there are only ten in the building at Kirtland.

Of direct bearing to these sketches are two original ink drawings in the Church Historian's Office. Both drawings are of the projected temple to be constructed in Jackson County, Missouri, one bearing the designation "House of the Lord for the Presidency." One, which appears to be the older of the two, is drawn on thin paper approximately 15 by 21½ inches and has a floor plan almost identical to that which can be reconstructed from the drawings

Lord for the Presidency."

on the papyri backings, even to the drop leaf table in front of one of the bottom pulpits. Quite detailed measurements are given for the main hall (77 by 61 feet), the pulpit areas, box-pews, and aisles. The side elevation shows only five windows in the structure in each wall, and there are 14 rows of box-pews on the main floor.

The second drawing, more mechanically accurate and more neatly done than the one just described,



Williams' plan also appears related to proposed Jackson temple.

bears the name of Frederick G. Williams, a member of the First Presidency of the Church at Kirtland, as though he had executed it. His floor plan was essentially the same, except for the correction of an error concerning the extension of an aisle into the elevated pulpit area at one end, and the placing of nine rather than five windows in the side elevation of each of the two floors.

From a comparative examination of these two original drawings with the fragmentary sketches from the papyri, it seems that all four of them are related and are various stages in the development of plans for the temple that was to be constructed in Jackson County, Missouri.

There has not been sufficient study done on the handwriting of early Church members to ascertain who might have drawn the plans for the "House of the Lord for the Presidency," except the one bearing the name of President Williams. Brigham Young was a member of the Church after April 14, 1832, and if the plans were drawn subsequent to that date, he might have been the draftsman on some of these

plans. He had done much building in New York State, owned a set of simple drafting pens and equipment, and was capable of making the drawings. Reynolds Cahoon, who had been converted in October 1830 by Parley P. Pratt at his residence near Kirtland, had limited building experience, which probably was a factor in his appointment as one of the three-man building committee for the Kirtland Temple.

As strange as it may seem today, at the time the temples for Jackson County, Kirtland, and Nauvoo were planned, the need for a qualified architect was of secondary importance. There were few trained architects outside the major urban centers. Most buildings were designed by "practical builders," such as Brigham Young. It must be remembered that the early temples contained no central heating or mechanical ventilation, no electric circuits, no plumbing, and no elevators. Hence no advanced planning was needed, as in the twentieth century building, to conceal these modern conveniences in walls and partitions.

At that time architectural knowledge concerning stresses, strains, thrusts, and similar mechanical problems was quite unknown among builders outside urban communities. With a general dimensional plan in mind—and in many cases it was in the mind of the builder and not on paper, or it might have been sketched on a planed scrap of lumber—the builders laid a massive foundation, often without a footing but which practical experience had taught them would support any eventualities to which the building might be subjected. At Kirtland, and later at Nauvoo, a building committee of practical laymen commenced the actual construction of the temples before an architect had been employed.

When building the Kirtland Temple, the builders made some modifications of the plans for the temple in Zion. They retained the basic design of the floor plan but made its measurements conform to the dimensions given in D&C 94:4. This shortened the length and narrowed the width of the building, with the result that there was space only for ten rows of box-pews on the main floor. Six windows were placed in the side walls on each floor. An

The drawings seem to have been for the temple at Jackson County, Missouri.

additional drop leaf sacrament table was also added to the lower pulpit at one end.

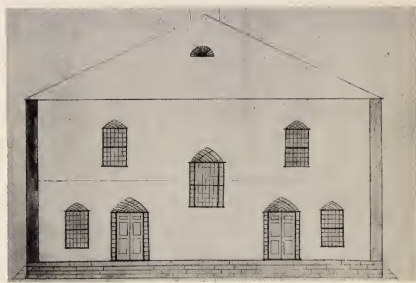
A visit to the Kirtland Temple allows the interested visitor to see, in slightly smaller form and beauty, the floor and pulpit plans, the aisles, the box-pew arrangements, and the plan for the veils that could be lowered to divide the hall into sections, as these were envisioned by Joseph Smith for the temple in Zion that was never built. The drawings on the back of the papyri recently acquired by the Church apparently represent a stage in the development of the plan for the first temple the Lord commanded the Saints to build in this dispensation of the fulness of times.

The Maps on the Papyri Backings

When King Charles II of England granted a charter to the "Connecticut River Towns" in 1662, he fixed the north and south boundaries of the colony by parallels, but extended its western boundary to the "South Seas." By the geography of that day, its western boundary would be the Pacific Ocean. Charles II, however, was not geographically careful when giving away American lands—he gave both the Duke of York (New York colony) and William Penn (the colony of Pennsylvania) portions of the region already given to Connecticut, but he placed western limits on them. Connecticut then claimed the land westward from these colonies as a "Western Reserve" for its expanding population. King James at an earlier date had given a charter to Virginia, and its indefinite wording also gave Virginia a claim to the land beyond the western limit of Pennsylvania.

Following the American Revolution, the new federal government persuaded the various states to renounce their conflicting claims to western lands, as stated in their charters, and to cede them to the national government. In 1786 Connecticut ceded all its western land claims except an irregularly shaped quadrilateral commencing near present-day Conneaut, Ohio, on Lake Erie, running south along the Pennsylvania border to approximately Youngstown, thence west to the vicinity of Willard, and north to Port Clinton on Lake Erie. This was then officially recognized as Connecticut's Western Reserve.

Moses Cleaveland [sic] went west in 1796 to supervise the disposition of these lands for the Connecticut Land Company. The city he helped found, Cleveland, became the cultural, financial, industrial, and maritime center of the area. Western Reserve University at Cleveland is one of the few survivals that perpetuate this once important name. In 1800 Connecticut agreed to have its Western Reserve included in the newly organized Territory of



"End View East" of Williams' plan closely resembles Kirtland Temple.

Ohio as Trumbull County. As the population grew, it was eventually divided into 14 counties.

During the 1820's a newly established religious movement, whose members were expectantly awaiting the "restoration of the Primitive Church" and who called themselves Reformed Baptists, but who were more commonly known as Campbellites, were highly successful in making converts on the Western Reserve. Sidney Rigdon, a former Baptist preacher at Pittsburgh, was sent there as a supervisor of a number of their congregations. From his home station at Mentor, Ohio, he exercised direction over the congregations at Hyrum, Thompson, Kirtland, and other associated communities. Parley P. Pratt and Orson Hyde were both preachers for this Reformed Baptist movement in Ohio.

In October 1830, three months after Parley P. Pratt was converted to the Church, the Prophet Joseph Smith called him to return on a mission to his Campbellite friends on the Western Reserve and to proclaim the restoration of the gospel. Accompanied by Ziba Peterson, Peter Whitmer, Jr., and

Oliver Cowdery, he journeyed westward to Mentor, where Sidney Rigdon was soon converted. Within a few weeks hundreds of Campbellites were converted, and in less than a year more than a thousand converts were made. This acceptance of the gospel by inhabitants of the Western Reserve, plus the opposition that faced the Church in New York State, was instrumental in transference of Church headquarters to Kirtland, Ohio, early in 1831.



Williams' "West End View" was altered some in Kirtland Temple.

After the location of the western Zion in Jackson County, Missouri, in 1831, many of the Saints on the Western Reserve migrated there and entered into the law of consecration and stewardship. (See D&C 42.) If the migrants were not able to sell their property in Ohio, they deeded it to the bishop of the Church at Kirtland and were given certificates verifying their consecrations, which Bishop Partridge in Zion then honored by giving them a stewardship in Missouri. (See D&C 72 for an example of this arrangement.) It was thus necessary that the Church authorities have land maps of the Western Reserve to facilitate the transfer of title and deeds to property of the departing Saints.

Although the Lord had revealed in 1831 that he would only retain a "strong hand" in Kirtland for five years (D&C 64:21), the Saints constructed their first temple there, established some industries, added subdivisions, and acquired and farmed thousands of acres. Even after the settlement at Nauvoo, many Saints were still residing in the Kirtland vicinity; they were then urged to turn their property

over to the agents of the Church at Kirtland in exchange for land at Nauvoo and vicinity.

The drawings, identified as II-R and IV-R, to which the papyri had been pasted apparently after the rolls were beginning to fall apart from too much handling, were a map of the Western Reserve, with a few extensions, where many hundreds of Saints had homes and farms.

The lines that are shown on the map indicate the boundaries of the six-mile square townships, as they would have appeared when the entire Western Reserve was Trumbull County, but without the county divisions as they existed during the Mormon settlement in Ohio.

It is not possible at the present state of research to date this old map or to determine who drew it, who used it, or for what purpose it was drawn. It might well be a very old map of the Western Reserve, dating back to the time when it was all Trumbull County, and hence had none of the later county boundaries. It could have been used by a missionary, circuit rider, revivalist, district superintendent, county overseer, tax collector, or assessor, each of whom made reports on the basis of townships.

In those days, when transportation was slow, communication no faster than a horse-drawn vehicle or sailing boat, and travel very difficult, it was quite common for people to be more conscious of their township locations than they were of larger county designations. (This condition is true even today in some parts of New England, New York, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.) The situation was aggravated in Ohio by one county eventually evolving into 14 counties as the population increased, and the county boundaries were constantly shifting as new counties were organized. The township designations were much more stable than the county names, and property outside of incorporated towns was also described on deed records by the township.

This map might have been a contemporary map used by Sidney Rigdon, Parley P. Pratt, Orson Hyde, Lyman Wight, or other Latter-day Saint leaders in their activities. Or it might have served Bishop Newell K. Whitney in the transfer of property as Saints departed for Missouri to live under the law of consecration and stewardship in Zion. ○



"Jennie, I'm sorry.
I really didn't know."

He reached for my trembling chin
and raised it. "Come on now,
little sis. Give me
a smile."

● It's late, and the house and the children are settling down for sleep. Even Paul, who in the months since his father's death has quietly filled the evenings with his presence, has gone to bed, quarterly exams at the university ahead of him.

I sit with the lamp turned low, remembering this afternoon in the bishop's office. We talked together about a mission for Paul, and now I wonder: could he have guessed what was really in my heart? I said all the right things. "It will have to be his decision, Bishop. We'll talk it over and pray about it." But inside I was crying out rebelliously, *No! It's too soon!*

I've never said "no" before. It's always been "yes" or "I'll try." We could somehow manage financially, and it would be wonderful for Paul. But what would Susan and Billy and Joe do without their adored older brother? And where does a mother find the strength

Amy Hillyard Jensen, mother of eight children, is an active Relief Society worker in the Bellevue (Washington) First Ward. A parttime writer, she used the background of the Pacific Northwest for the setting of this story.

Firstling of the Flock

By Amy Hillyard Jensen

Illustrated by Dale Kilbourn

to send her boy on a mission when his father has just died? He was the firstling of our flock. How can I part with him now?

Suddenly the words evoke memories, and I picture springtime at the yellow apartment house on the hill. Springtime, when I found the Church—or it found me.

* * * *

It happened here in Seattle, just before the war. I was 17 and in love with a brown-eyed boy named Roger. He was as inconstant as our Seattle weather, but the very fact that I never knew from day to day whether he cared or not somehow added to his charm.

Mother, who was all the family I had, was manager of the apartment house where we lived, with its pseudo-Spanish architecture, long musty halls, and view of Puget Sound.

One day in early spring Roger had come to the high school and walked home with me. We lingered outside the big green front door talking about the spring prom at the university, where he was majoring in mathematics.

He hadn't asked me to the prom yet, but I could tell he meant to. He stood with his books held carelessly on one hip, leaning against the yellow stucco wall, while I sat on the step. It was one of the good times. So often Roger teased me, suspecting how much I cared for him. "Hey, there's a gorgeous redhead in my English class named Ginger," he said once. "Boy, I could go for her!" And while his words didn't offend me, something hurt inside because he'd noticed Ginger—and my hair was mousy brown.

But today his mood was different, and he talked of college. "In another year you'll be there, too," he told me. "I'll carry your books." His cheeks dimpled in one of his rare smiles. When he looked like that, I didn't think his month was weak, as Mother had once described it.

Then he leaned over me. "You'll be my girl, Jennie," he said. My heart, caught unaware, stopped in surprise, then speeded up, pumping the hot blood to my face. It was then that the green door opened and Mother looked out.

"Hello, Roger," she said, smiling briefly. "Jennie, can you help me? I've rented the basement apartment, and the new tenants will be here any minute. They'll need dishes and kitchen equipment."

As if on signal, an old blue Dodge wheezed to a

stop at the parking strip under the shade of our old box elder tree.

Mother came out, a warm smile on her face. "Well, you made it!" Then she introduced us. "Jennie, this is Lyle Holbrook . . . and this is Bill Smith. Boys, my daughter. And this is Roger Daniels."

He's nice, I thought, while the boys shook hands. It was the one named Lyle that I had noticed. His hair was dark, and his eyes held a trace of mischief. But his manner was so open that I found myself feeling vexed with Roger, who never seemed at ease when it was more than just the two of us.

"Are you out at the U?" Lyle asked Roger.

"Yeah," Roger said, his eyes veiled.

"Bill and I are in dentistry." Then Lyle looked at me and smiled.

Mother said, "Would you boys like to drive down the side street to the garage? You can unload your things right at the apartment."

As the car rattled around the corner, Roger pointed out the license plate. "I guess your friends are from Utah."

"Yes, you're right," Mother said. "Well, I have to get busy. Good-bye, Roger. Coming, Jennie?"

"Okay, Mom. Rog, why don't you stay? Mother could put you to work, too." It wasn't courtesy speaking; I didn't want him to go.

The door had swung shut, but Roger lowered his voice. "Your mom kind of cramps my style, honey. I'd better be running along."

I tried to keep the hurt from showing. "All right, then," I said.

He grabbed my hand and gave it a squeeze. "Maybe I'll call you." Then, as he started backing away, he added, "You know, you'd better keep your eyes on those two guys. They're probably Mormons." Before I could answer, he had disappeared around the corner of the building and was whistling down the street.

Roger was right about one thing—Lyle and Bob *were* Mormons. But we didn't have to keep our eyes on them. After they had been in the apartment a while, Mother said. "You know, I think those two are the nicest young men I've ever known."

I knew why she felt that way. Since we were so close to the U, we often had students renting apartments. But sometimes there would be drinking parties, or girls would come to visit, or apartments would be left dirty.

"There in the steamy laundry room

I heard the truths of the gospel."

Lyle and Bill weren't like that at all. They went to church and to school, did their own laundry and cleaning, and wrote letters home. When they got their groceries, they always offered Mom a ride to the store, though usually she sent me.

On Saturdays they did their washing. The apartment house washing machine was a tricky old monster that had to be fed a nickel every 15 minutes, so the first time they used it, I went downstairs to show them how to keep it in line. And there in the laundry room, steamy with drying clothes, I heard the truths of the gospel for the first time.

I knew a little about the Mormons already, of course, from my history class and a movie I had seen once. I knew about Brigham Young and the pioneers and the Great Salt Lake. But I didn't know a thing about what these people believed. Somehow the name "Mormon" had always meant some strange sect to me, almost as alien as "Buddhist."

"Tell me a little about your religion," I asked them, not caring that I sounded childishly curious. So they did. It was a wonderful hour. Now, whenever I hear the story of the golden plates, I see those two in old sweatshirts, as they ran clothes through the wringer and told me of the beginnings of the Book of Mormon.

The clothes were washed long before my curiosity was satisfied. "Why don't you come to church with us next Sunday, and bring your mother?" Lyle said. "Visitors come all the time, and I really think you'd like it."

I almost didn't go; Roger had said he might call on Sunday. But Mother insisted. "Honestly, Jennie, the way you moon around over that boy! It'll do him good to call and find you gone."

So we went together to the Mormon Church. The building was old and shabby, an American Legion hall—not a proper church at all. But inside, like mother-of-pearl lining the craggy shell of an oyster, was a luminous spirit. I had never heard such singing.

And the service, simple enough that even the youngest child could take part, moved me so deeply that I sat there with the tears streaming down my cheeks. It was strange, but I felt that I had come home.

Mother didn't say much, but I could tell that the spirit there had touched her too. A few days later, she invited Lyle and Bill to dinner. They couldn't stay long, but during dinner we talked about the Church and its principles.

"I can't say I'm too sold on tithing, Lyle," my mother said. "Ten percent of your income seems an awful lot to pay. If a person is well-to-do, of course, it might be different."

Lyle smiled. "It seems like a lot, I know. But the blessings tithing brings just can't be measured in terms of money. When I was on my mission, I used to explain that a real tithing would be bringing the Lord the first fruits of all we possess. Not just money, but our time and strength, too."

How strange it seemed to hear things like this from someone so young—only a few years older than Roger, really. I wondered what he would think. Roger and I had never talked about religion; he always seemed to shy away whenever I wanted to be serious.

He came that night after Lyle and Bill had gone. "I've got my dad's car," he said. "Let's go for a ride." My pulse quickened. Maybe tonight he would ask me to go to the prom.

I took a jacket because it had been raining, hugged Mother, ignoring the sober glance she gave me, and dashed off. We went bowling first, and everything was right. Then some of Roger's buddies came in, and the fun was gone. *What does he see in them?* I wondered, trying not to listen to their rough talk.

We left not long after and drove out to the bluff, where we could see the ships in the harbor, their lights sparkling through the drizzle. Roger moved closer. I had been thinking about dinner with Bill and Lyle and the questions they had answered. Then, because the smell of smoke was strong on Roger's breath, I turned my face away.

"Hey, you've been funny all night," he said. "That Mormon hasn't been beating my time, has he?" I knew he meant Lyle.

"Don't be silly." I moved away indignantly. "He's too busy studying to think about girls. Anyway, Roger, he's a real nice guy. He spent two years on a mission for his church."

"Two years!" Roger exclaimed. "Boy, you'd never catch me giving up two years of my life to be a missionary!"

I looked at him. His profile from forehead to mouth was a dark silhouette, but some trick of the light melted his chin into a formless blur. "Roger," I said sadly, "don't you care about anything?"

He laughed. "Sure I do. I care about Number One, that's who."

"Oh, Rog! That isn't funny." My eyes burned with gathering tears. He reached for me and I pushed him violently away.

"Okay." There was a long silence broken only by the rhythm of the windshield wipers. "By the way," he said. "I've been meaning to tell you something." His words fell as cold and steady as the rain outside. "I've asked Ginger to go with me to the prom. I'm afraid it will be a little too sophisticated for you."

Then he backed the car onto the road and drove me home.

Next morning, half submerged in sleep, I remembered. Roger. He had let me out at the apartment with no apology, no goodbye. And pride had kept me from saying a word.

Carefully, I told Mother what had happened. Her fine brown eyes were sorrowful for me, but I knew she was relieved. "There'll be other boys," she said.

But I couldn't forget so easily. Like a hand with a missing finger, there was an empty place that hurt. I filled pages in my diary and scribbled mournful poems. I went to movies with my girl friends and hurried home to see if there had been a call for me. And when I saw couples walking hand in hand, I carefully looked the other way.

Lyle must have known what had happened. When he saw me outside one day, sweeping the front walk, he said, "Cheer up, Jennie, you're too pretty a girl to pine away like this." Gratefully I smiled at him. "Why don't you and your mother come to church again with Bill and me?" he said.

We did, and once more it was like coming home. Soon it got to be a habit—Sunday School and sacrament meeting Sunday and Mutual Tuesday night. Sometimes I went with Mother, or a new friend from the Church would pick me up. Lots of times I went with Bill and Lyle. They seemed like the brothers I had always wished for.

Suddenly it all changed. One Sunday in May I

realized I hadn't really thought of Roger for weeks. When I smelled the sweet scent of wisteria or heard a love song on the radio, somehow I seemed to find myself thinking of Lyle.

It came as a shock. He had always been friendly to me, but nothing more. Now I wondered, did he think I still liked Roger? Was I too young? Perhaps there was someone else.

But I didn't want to think so. My romantic heart was full of dreams. I took them to school and back each day, and at night I wrote poetry in my mind while I dawdled over the dishes. Sometimes, walking in the early morning, the joy inside me was an electric charge that must escape through toes and fingertips.

Then one Saturday morning Lyle came to the hallway mailbox while I was picking up our mail. He took the letters from his box.

I tried to sound casual. "Letters from home, Lyle? I suppose your girl friend writes."

"Sure, every week," he said, glancing up from the letter he was opening. Then, with a broad grin, "I didn't know you cared."

The quick tears filled my eyes. Swallowing desperately, I couldn't speak. Lyle, who had gone back to his letter, looked up again, still smiling. Then his expression became sober. I lowered my eyes, but the harm was done. In that brief moment, each of us had spoken from the heart.

His voice was gentle. "Jennie, I'm sorry. I really didn't know." He reached for my trembling chin and raised it. "Come on, now, little sis. Give me a smile." I managed a grin and tried to think of something light and funny to say, but nothing came. I just stood there, smiling and sniffing.

He gave me his handkerchief, then tactfully looked out the window as I blotted my eyes. "You know, Jennie, one of the most wonderful principles of the gospel is eternal marriage. It's something I've been taught all my life. And even before my mission, I knew who the girl was that I wanted to marry. You're a lot like her."

He turned and suddenly ruffled my hair. "In fact, I just hope that before old Roger realizes what he's missed you'll join the Church." He said it lightly, but his eyes held a question.

At last I managed to say something. "Once a missionary, always a missionary." We laughed together. Then I went back into our apartment, as Lyle walked

down the stairs and back to his apartment.

It would have been so easy to stop going to the Mormon Church. As kind as Lyle had been, I had been far more humiliated by this rebuff than I had by Roger's. But I knew that if I stayed away from the Church because of Lyle—or really, because of my pride—I'd be losing something that had grown precious to me.

So the days passed. I wrote in my diary, for there were many thoughts I wanted to put down and sort out. It took a while, but eventually I realized that I hadn't really been in love with Lyle. It was just that he was the kind of person I'd like to be in love with someday. About Roger, I didn't know. Sometimes I thought of him, but carefully, as one might gently touch a newly healed wound.

Then one night he came. How like him to act as if everything between us were the same as before. It was a Saturday after supper, and he wanted me to go dancing with him. "I'm rolling," he said, patting his hip pocket and smiling in the old magic way.

"I'm sorry, Rog," I told him, "but I've made other plans."

He looked at me with one eyebrow raised. "Look, Jen," he said softly. "I'm sorry I didn't call. I never did take Ginger out, you know. I guess I was just jealous of that guy downstairs." His dark, heavy-lidded eyes still had the power to move me.

For a moment I wavered. This could have meant so much a month before. I wanted to weep. But now it was too late. What he offered was as counterfeit as a sand dollar to one who had glimpsed a pearl. How

could I be happy now with anything less?

"I'm sorry, Roger," I said again. "I'm going to a Mutual party tonight. You see, I've decided to become a Latter-day Saint."

So we said goodbye, Roger with a tight little smile that hurt me more than he could have guessed.

• • • • •

The hour is late, and I am weary with remembering. Tomorrow the bishop will call, and I am ready. I ask myself now, what would my life have been like if I hadn't known Lyle Holbrook?

I don't think I would ever have married Roger, but then who can say? Once I thought that life is a river that eventually, one way or another, leads to the sea. Whatever the route, I thought, we cannot escape our return to God. But it isn't always so. A young stream, diverted from its natural course, can dry up or be trapped in a stagnant pond.

Because of this, my heart goes out in gratitude to Lyle Holbrook and to the Church, which sends young men like him to preach the gospel throughout the world. For it was in the Church that I met my husband, Jim, and in the Church we were married for time and all eternity.

Now the call has come for the firstling of our flock. Is there someone, somewhere, waiting for the message he can bring? If there is, then Paul must bring it. The Lord has given me 20 years of my son's life. Two years are so few to give in return.

When the bishop calls, Paul will be proud to give him his answer. As for me, I really made my choice the night I said goodbye to Roger. ○

For a Daughter

By Christie Lund Coles

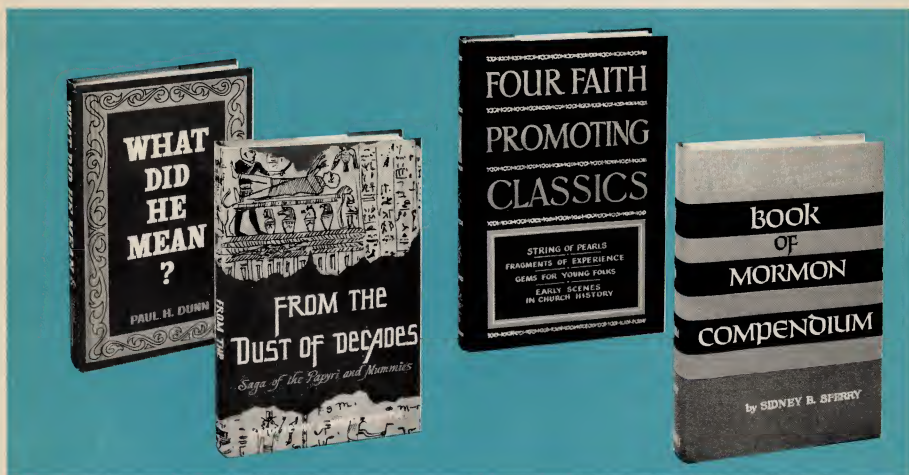
*You used to wake us in the night,
Your childish needs to fill—
A drink, a swift assurance
Your fears to still.*

*Then came the time we lay awake
Waiting the moment you came in;
You still seemed like the little girl
That you had been.*

*Now you are gone we often wake
And ache for years so swiftly fled,
And sometimes go and stand beside
Your empty bed.*

*Yet, seeing small and lovely ones,
With your same eyes,
We sleep, aware that neither one
Would have it otherwise.*

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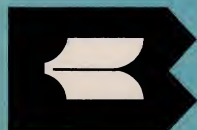
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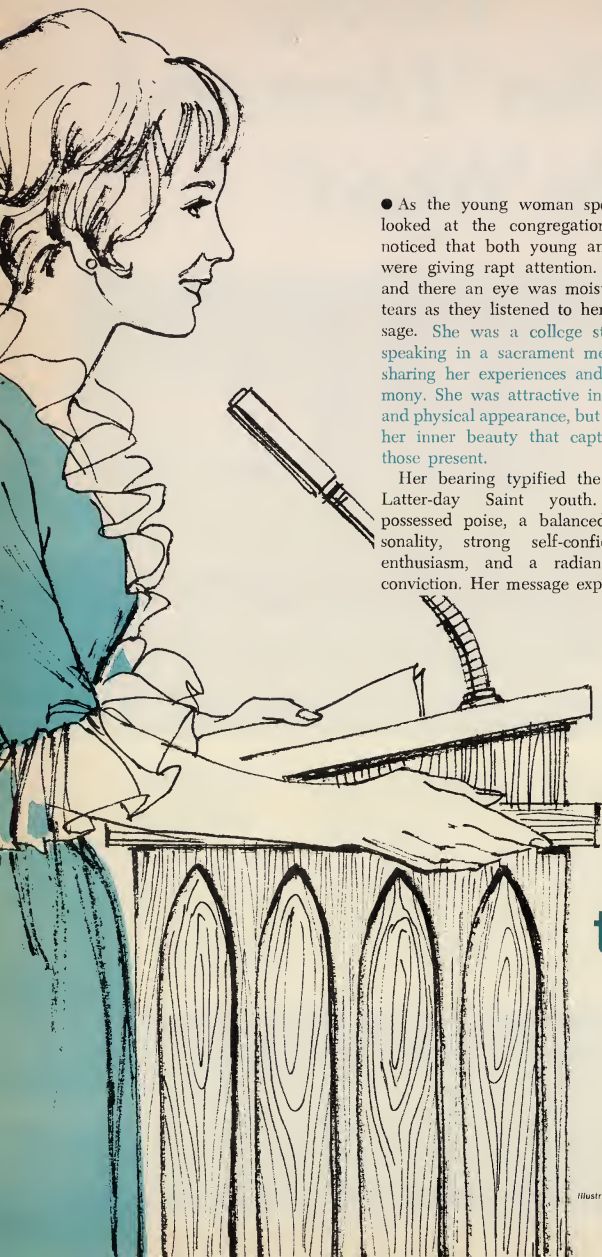
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● As the young woman spoke, I looked at the congregation and noticed that both young and old were giving rapt attention. Here and there an eye was moist with tears as they listened to her message. She was a college student speaking in a sacrament meeting, sharing her experiences and testimony. She was attractive in dress and physical appearance, but it was her inner beauty that captivated those present.

Her bearing typified the ideal Latter-day Saint youth. She possessed poise, a balanced personality, strong self-confidence, enthusiasm, and a radiance of conviction. Her message expressed

a sincere love for people and the restored gospel of Jesus Christ. She was truly "uncommon," and yet as I sat there I could clearly visualize many like her—others who had also become "uncommon." There came to mind many young men and women who had developed similar conviction and radiance of spirit.

I wondered, what has caused this change? What secrets for teaching do these young people hold? What has been the foundation of their learning? What specifically has a teacher done to lay a foundation that results in such a change?

I decided to question some of

Uncommon Teaching of the Common

By Don F. Colvin

Seminary Coordinator
Ogden Seminars

Illustrated by Jeanne Lindorff

these "uncommon" youth. As I talked with them, some general principles became quite clear, principles worthy of review and careful analysis.

I decided to question students regarding the class in which they had learned the most. The almost universal response was this: "The teacher who changed my life the most showed a sincere interest in me and was willing to accept me just as he found me. Sure, he made mistakes, and his lessons didn't always click, but there wasn't anything I wouldn't try to do for that man, because I knew he really cared. And because he cared, I was willing to listen."

Such replies convinced me that those teachers whose students show sincere response to learning are those teachers who personally establish a heart-to-heart relationship with their students. They create a learning environment that is evidenced by a genuine love for students. A healthy rapport is established, and the confidence and trust they place in young people encourage the students to want to measure up. The teachers' words ring out with sincerity and conviction as they speak to their classes, and their students can accept the message because they know it comes from real friends.

This type of teacher is always busy, but not so busy that he cannot be approached. Somehow his door is always open, and his students know he will take time to help. He realizes that not all teaching takes place in lesson presentation, and he is sensitive enough to

student needs that he can capitalize on teaching moments both in and out of class. Students call on him at home and greet him when they meet downtown, but somehow he does not seem to mind, for these are his friends.

Establishing an environment of sincere personal interest facilitates communication and is an essential cornerstone in the foundation of learning.

"No number or variety of teaching techniques or methods will win student confidence and loyalty unless there is a genuine feeling of love and concern on the part of the teacher. His feelings must arise out of his determination to remember he is dealing with an eternal being, a literal child of a Heavenly Father whose love and concern for his child are beyond the comprehension of even the most devoted teacher. Only when he relates to his students in this frame of reference will he be considered a worthy exemplar after whom they can pattern their own lives." (Ernest Eberhardt, Jr., "The Techniques of 'Doer Teaching,'" *The Improvement Era*, April 1967, p. 67.)

Another respondent noted this: "One thing I liked about my favorite teacher is that I never knew what to expect next. He was always coming up with different and varied ways of making his lesson interesting. We looked forward to his class because we knew there would be something there for us."

Thus, a proper foundation for learning is laid by a teacher who is thoroughly prepared and who has

taken time to think through how he will present his material. He does not take students' interest for granted; he captures their attention and focuses their interest upon gospel principles. Interest in this type of a class becomes spontaneous and natural.

"My teacher used to say, 'Living the gospel should put a smile on your face, a kick to your step, and give you a joyous zest for life and all that it has to offer.' This made sense to me, and as he taught the principles of the gospel, I was led to see that they were practical. I found that I could live them, and I wanted to know more. I had always looked at the scriptures and Church history as things of the past, but my teacher made them come to life."

Some dedicated teachers who possess a great love for the gospel have developed such a pious, emotional, or even too-serious approach to life that their attitudes act as a wall between them and their students. A student may cry out in frustration, "It's beyond me. I just can't be that spiritual."

Ideals and perfection often appear to students as distant goals and almost impossible to attain. They want religion to be a satisfying way of life that can be applied on their level. When they can experience the joy of success by living practical, reachable goals along the way to their ideals, they derive happiness from proper adjustment to life and its circumstances. No better formula for happiness has ever been devised than the gospel of Jesus Christ.

"Try as he might, a teacher cannot change the character of a student."

It is obvious that some students enter religion classes with a built-in attitude of boredom, an attitude that has been conditioned by previous experience in the study of religion. They have been bored by classes at Church and in schools where emphasis has been placed on facts, figures, and a mountain of seemingly meaningless detail. They view the past as something dead and gone. They are thrilled with the present, and are captivated by problems and events that are here and now.

There is little to be gained by a cold, isolated study of the scriptures. If they have no relevance to life today, they are of little value. However, the scriptures and religious history do record eternal principles and experiences that have their proper place and application in helping man solve and prevent problems he faces today. They contain the key to a fullness of life and to happiness. To the teacher falls the task of making these principles and experiences of the past come alive as a vital and significant part of life in the twentieth century.

As teachers prepare their lessons, they must take time to think of parallels and applications of their subject matter to life today. They must also think through the problem of how to present these parallels and applications naturally and successfully.

In order to do this, the teacher must so live that the stories of scriptural concepts become a part of him. He must avoid involvement with details; instead, he must

place emphasis on great ideas or concepts and their effects upon people. By the effective use of stories, analogies, discussions, problem solving, and other related methods, the history and scriptures of the Church can be made meaningful in the lives of students.

In a study of the scriptures, students should vicariously walk with Jesus and the prophets and thus come to see as they saw, to feel as they felt. Students must be motivated to empathize with the great characters of the scriptures. When this type of relationship is established, they will thrill with the scriptures. Furthermore, they will be more inclined to go back and study the scriptures throughout the remainder of their lives.

Those teachers who make the gospel meaningful and functional to students are known by the results. Their students are not bored; they hunger to be fed. They are making progress in application of gospel principles. Somehow religion starts to make sense and becomes palatable.

Another student said, "One thing that stands out about our teacher is that he really inspires us to dig and find our own answers. I have never learned and grown so much as I have under the guidance of this man."

This comment stands out in sharp contrast to the practice of some egocentric teachers who provide all the answers and constitute the whole show. They spoonfeed students, denying them the growth that they need. Students tend to be apathetic and often let a teacher

get away with such an approach. Teachers who have greater confidence in their students' abilities to learn challenge them to discover for themselves.

Testimony is a personal attainment; it does not come from listening alone. The degree to which a student becomes personally involved and participates in the learning process is in direct proportion to the amount of growth expected. Meaningful problems must be raised, and students should be led to find their own answers.

Successful teachers accept their students as they are, inspire self-confidence in them, and encourage them in their struggles to learn and apply gospel principles. They are tolerant of mistakes, and they encourage and guide students to find their own answers. Above all, they are willing to let a student try.

Much of the teaching done in the name of religious instruction results in verbalization. Instead of promoting self-growth on the part of their students, some teachers become enamored with the sound of their own voices and fall prey to the temptation of providing the quick answer. Such practice accomplishes little more than painting on veneer. This type of teaching does not soak into the grain of the soul and result in changed behavior.

Try as he might, a teacher cannot change the character of a student. Change, if it comes, must come from within. Our role, then, is one of stimulating, challenging, inspiring, provoking, encouraging, and (most important) guiding. ○

Vera of Youth

Marion D. Hanks, Editor
Elaine Cannon, Associate Editor

The Smokeless

Generation

Photo by Linda Banks
Sheri Ward and Becky Hathaway




Make Yours a Smokeless Generation

or...Putting Out the Fire!

By Elaine Cannon

Photo by Linda Banks





● It's *great* that you're smarter than the adults you see all around you smoking their health and their money away. Of course, when they were your age, they didn't know what you know about the troubles that go with smoking.

Since you don't smoke, be a good friend and help others to withstand brainwashings, advertisements, and temptings of all kinds that lead to smoking. Make yours a

smokeless generation! Here are some good reasons why:

1. Smoking is contrary to the revealed word of God.
2. The evidence is overwhelming that smoking is dangerous, disabling, frequently fatal.
3. It is expensive and offensive.
4. It is discourteous.
5. It enslaves.

Honestly, is there a single redeeming factor about smoking? ○

These teens from Butler Stake, Salt Lake County, are Don Cannon, Steve Shelton, Terri Sorenson, Gerry Graves, Joanne Alm, Sheri Ward, Nancy MacKay, Byron Kelly, Becky Hathaway, Kathy Sorenson, Mike Christensen, David Bruse, Shannon Sullivan, Susan Gill, Jay Stocks.



Why I Don't Smoke Cigarettes

By Michele Patrick
Miss American Teenager

Miss Patrick, 17, of Bethesda, Maryland, was chosen "Miss American Teenager" from 53 finalists in the eighth annual "Miss American Teenager" pageant, held in September, at Palisades Amusement Park, Palisades, New Jersey. She is a senior at Walt Whitman High School in Bethesda.

Ever since I can remember, my father has warned me about smoking cigarettes. Dad is a very relaxed, liberal parent about most things, but on the subject of cigarettes he is neither. I remember only too well the day when I was about eight that my brother (he is five years older) was caught smoking.

Dad's objections to smoking made a strong impression on me. And everything he had said made even more sense to me when the Surgeon General's *Report on Smoking and Health* came out in 1964.

Another thing that made a very strong impression on me about the dangers of smoking was an American Cancer Society movie that was shown to our eighth grade. I don't think there was anyone in the class who wasn't shaken by that film. Today, four years later, I still remember it.

I know that without good health I will never be able to do the things I want to do in my lifetime. And I want to do a lot of things. Right now, at 17, I'm working on getting through my senior year of high school, and one of my big interests is sports car racing. I'm a member of the pit crew for a racing team. Kind of unusual for a girl, but it's active and exciting—and I love it! Some people call this a dangerous sport, but I don't think



it's half as dangerous an activity as smoking.

My other hobbies include singing, dancing, sewing, modeling, and painting. But my life's ambition is to become a teacher and to work with children. I plan to major in education in college, and when I finish I hope very much to serve in the Peace Corps or in Vista, and then to take up my teaching career.

I've noticed that most boys who don't smoke don't like to date girls with cigarette breath or the smell of smoke in their hair and clothes. My boyfriend has made it very clear to me that our friendship won't last very long if I start smoking. I didn't really need him to convince me about smoking; I was already convinced. But it is, I think, another very good reason for my not being tempted to take up the habit.

Here's the best way I can sum up my reasons for not smoking: Why should I give up the good life—for no life? Why should anyone?

I have a great poster titled "We'll Miss Ya, Baby," that kids the smoking habit. It pictures different kinds of teenage smokers—the wise guy, the femme fatale, and a couple of other die-hard types. I think it's really terrific, and it can be framed and hung. If you'd like one for your room, or as a hint to a smoking friend, I'd be glad to mail you one. Write me: Michele Patrick, Miss American Teenager Contest, Palisades Amusement Park, Palisades, New Jersey 07024.

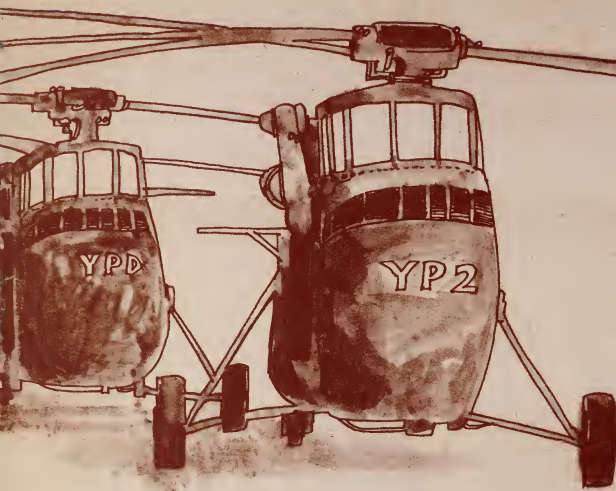
Determining to make theirs a "smokeless generation, some Salt Lake youth climb on the antique red wagon owned by Stanford P. Darger. Pictured left to right are John Darger, Anne Darger, Margaret Sandburg, Ann Morgan, John Morgan, Sam Grover, Jane Darger, Vicki Morgan, Kent Douglas, Paula Romney, Maggi Miner, Victor Kimball, Holly Cannon, Patty Morgan.





Illustration by Don Young

Don Young
"LIVES THAT STAND
INSPECTION" series



The Gunship Leader

By Marion D. Hanks

● The whirling blades of a helicopter gunship don't provide much shade for a conversation in the sun, nor, for that matter, is the setting favorable for hearing one another. It was all the more puzzling that the young airman should be approaching his commanding officer just as the

major was preparing to board his ship to lead his unit on a dangerous mission. As he thought about the incident later, Major Allen recalled that he may have sounded a bit impatient as he spoke to the obviously nervous young man. "Well, what is it, Hobson?" he asked. "It's time

to load up, you know."

"Yes sir, I know," the boy replied. "But . . . sir, I'd like to ask a question, if you don't mind."

The commanding officer's face softened as the crewman blurted out his urgent inquiry: "Me and some of the guys just wondered, sir, if you've had time to pray yet this morning."

"Yes, son," said Major Allen, very gently now. "I have had time to pray."

"Thank you very much, sir," he smiled, relieved. "We didn't want to start on this mission until you'd prayed."

Major Allen, former missionary, district president, faithful Latter-day Saint, pondered in his heart the implications of that important question and testimony as he led another highly dangerous mission in the service of his country. The fact that the unit had suffered many casualties without a fatality was widely known. To the men in the group it had something very important to do with their commander and his prayers. There had been no preaching on the subject, only a keen sense of appreciation through the unit for a commanding officer who led them fearlessly and very skillfully in their dangerous work, and who had something special about him that involved prayer. ○

Let's Talk About: Obligation vs. Responsibility

By Lindsay R. Curtis, M.D.

● "I may go back to church someday, but right now I am so glad to be out from under the pressure and the obligation to go that I think I'll just enjoy the freedom for a while." It was 190-pound, handsome, likeable Glenn who was talking.

Glenn, 23, a college graduate, is newly married to pert and pretty Lori and has just started to work for a growing business firm. "For years now I have been pressured to attend church, to accept various church assignments, to pay tithing, and to do a lot of things just because of Dad's position in the Church. Now that I am on my own, I want a vacation from church and church responsibility. If and when I get ready, I'll come back."

Glenn slumped back in his chair with a great sigh of emancipation. To him it seemed as though he had just unburdened himself of a great load he had grudgingly carried for a long time.

But I had known Glenn and his family for many years—too many to accept what Glenn said without comment. "That's strange, Glenn," I said. "I had never pictured your dad as the type of man who stood over you with a club and made you go to church."

"Oh, he didn't exactly stand over me with a club."

"Did he ever force you to go to church?"

"Not really, I suppose. But we were expected to go to church."

"What do you mean, expected to go?"

"It was just the thing that we did in our house. Everybody went to church. And practically every time there was a meeting, you could count on our family to be there. I figure I've been to church enough to last me the rest of my life."

"Didn't you ever enjoy going to church?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose I did, but I just think I resented having to go all the time."

"There you go, saying you *had* to go, when you don't really mean that."

"You know what I mean. At least now I am independent and feel under no obligation to go to

church or to do anything else I don't want to do."

"Glenn, why do you suppose your dad goes to church or puts in the hours he does as bishop of the ward?"

"I wonder if he doesn't feel obligated."

"Obligated to whom?"

"To the stake president, I guess."

"Guess again."

"Okay—to the Lord."

"Do you suppose, then, that by getting married, starting your own home, and moving away from your parents, you suddenly are released from all obligation to the Lord? Why don't we change that word from obligation to responsibility? Is there any change in status that suddenly releases us from our responsibilities?"

"You know, Glenn, when we are younger, our parents sometimes have to use a little pressure, sometimes even the pressure of the back of the hand or a small willow, to impress us with our responsibilities. There are certain jobs to be done, certain rules to be followed, certain lessons of conduct to live within. As we become older, it is hoped that pressure no longer is necessary, because we realize the necessity for these rules and our obedience to them."

"To the lawbreaker, a policeman is known as a harrassment, as something to be feared, as 'fuzz.' But to the law-abider, he is known as protection, as a friend, as someone who looks out for us."

"Are you about to hold it against your father for teaching you correct principles, for showing you the way to go—and without force? Would you prefer that he had set a bad example for you?"

"Man, you certainly turn things around, don't you?" Glenn twisted uneasily in his chair.

"Do I? I had really hoped to straighten out some of these things. You see, your dad doesn't even enter into the picture with you right now because you have started your own home. But you will never escape the jurisdiction of your Father in heaven. If you can neglect your responsibilities to him and feel right about it, okay. But I doubt that you can. In fact, there is no place on earth you can go to escape his influence, and I know there is no place in heaven to escape it."

I waited, as Glenn seemed deep in thought. After a moment he said, "I suppose I have been projecting the whole thing onto Dad. I do love him dearly, and I appreciate his example. I've always been proud of him and his devotion to the Lord. All you have said I really deserve. Sunday will probably find me back doing what I've known all along I should be doing." ○

He Heard the Truth

By Ashley Hallwood

Croydon Branch, British Mission

● So many wonderful things have happened to me in the few months since I became a member of Christ's restored church that it hardly seems possible that as recently as June of last year I knew little or nothing about the Mormons.

Through the media of television, films, and books, I had formulated a set of ill-conceived fallacies, which I took to be facts, about that strange cult of people who claimed to have had the gospel restored to them by a deluded madman named Joseph Smith. I believed the Mormons to be nothing more than a highly fanatical and puritanical religious sect who practiced polygamy and based their doctrines on a mumbo jumbo of so-called divine revelations from God.

It was while I was vacationing in New York City that I first encountered Mormons in the form of two clean-cut, smartly dressed, young missionary elders. When they knocked on my door and told me that they had a message for me about a second witness for Christ, known as the Book of Mormon, I was impressed by their sincerity and the glowing enthusiasm with which they unfolded their story of a living prophet called by God in our own time.

But, because of the myth that I had built up in my mind about Mormons, I wasn't at all interested at the time in what they had to say. There were countless numbers of different sectarian groups, each claiming to be the only true church. Why should this one be any different? What did they have that was so special, that set them apart from everyone else?

I only half listened to them, took the Book of Mormon that they offered to me, and, more to please them than anything else, agreed to let them send a couple of elders to tell me more when I returned to England. I never for one moment thought I'd see or hear of them again. I packed my Book of Mormon away in the depths of my suitcase as nothing more than an unusual book with which to impress my friends. I promptly forgot about the whole thing and returned to my own way of life.

But life was soon to change for me. If anyone had told me then that I would lay aside worldly pleasures for the happiness that only the love and knowledge of God can bring, I would have laughed

in his face. But now I can bear testimony to the fact that this is what happened, that I no longer need or even miss my former life. Life for me has become a thing of joy and exaltation.

It all happened so very fast once I arrived home in England. Almost immediately I found another pair of elders on my doorstep; and this time, thanks be to God, I decided to listen to what they had to say. I had plenty of time on my hands; it could do no harm to give them a hearing and make an honest effort to assimilate their words, whether or not I accepted them as true. So I listened, and as they unfolded their story I suddenly knew, as if in a flash of inspiration from heaven, that what they were saying was true.

All my life I had wanted to believe in some sort of a god, and my search for the truth had taken me from church to church. None of them seemed to have what I was looking for. I vainly tried to accept their doctrines and teachings, but for me there was always something missing. I couldn't put my finger on it, but I knew in my heart that there was something more, if only I could find it. And here it was, at long last, staring me in the face. I had found the truth, and I knew it!

But the elders told me not to take their word that the things they said were true. They told me that if I humbled myself in prayer before my Heavenly Father and asked him, then he would manifest the truth to me. So I learned to pray for the first time, and found to my surprise that it really did work. Since then prayer has become a very necessary and richly rewarding part of my life, for now I know that I have a Heavenly Father to whom I can talk just as to a friend, and who really does hear me and answer my prayers.

So convinced was I by the elders' words that the very next day I accompanied them to church and, a mere three weeks later, felt proud and privileged to be baptized and confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Since then I've never looked back. I've had no regrets, no longings for my former life. Every day I'm finding that my testimony continues to grow. I recently had the double honor of being ordained a deacon in the Aaronic Priesthood and of being called as a district missionary. I appreciate the loyal help and support that I find in my branch. The warm love and fellowship that we have one for another only serves to convince me more each day that God lives.

As members of his true Church, we have the greatest honor and responsibility that man can attain—to devote our lives to the glory of God and to the winning of souls for his celestial kingdom. ○



A camel is a horse made by a committee, according to some humorists, but learning to work well together in leadership situations is important for Latter-day Saint youth growing up in a lay church.



Stay on the right track, teens remind each other, as they balance on the rails of the little train at the zoo.

Who's who at the zoo may have something to do with you if you are willing to learn lessons from the caged and captive creatures . . . and from the wooded worlds of zoos wherever one finds them.

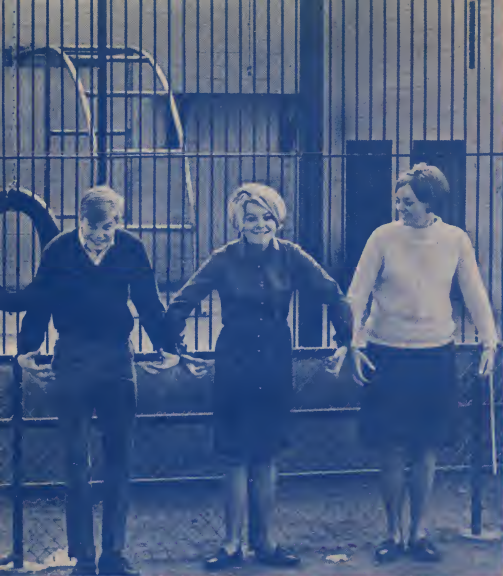
(Photos taken on location at San Diego Zoo in California by Ralph Reynolds and at Hogle Zoo in Salt Lake City by Eldon Linschoten.)

The Zoo and You



Climbing into your shell, like a turtle, is missing the challenge of life. Come out of hiding. You're only young once.

"Getting your goat" can have serious consequences if it means you lose your cool and control.



Making like monkeys is strictly for fun, but the "hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil" slogan grandma learned is wise advice for this generation, too.



Daniel in the lion's den is a favorite story for teens playing it brave with a fancy fountain. It takes all kinds of moral courage to keep one's head these days.



Ducks of a feather—like Mormons—swim better together. It's easier to live the standards of the Church in good company.



A tender moment with a brand new baby chick—and a fresh marveling at the miracle of life.

Getting to Know You

Belonging to a worldwide church has many advantages. Not the least of these is being able to cross paths with Mormons who are just your age and who are doing very different things, but who are also doing some of the same things Church-wise.



Reed Fisher is a senior at Tate High School in Pensacola, Florida, where he serves as student body president and has responsibilities for assemblies. He's a surfer, a musician, a friend to many, and a devoted servant of his Heavenly Father.



Tani Madsen, daughter of Bishop and Mrs. Lyman Madsen of Colton, California, was recipient of the coveted

American Legion school award in recognition of her selection as the outstanding girl in her class. She's 15, musically talented, and a seminary student.



There are some young people who go through the extra effort to excel in many fields. Mike Runyan has proved that extra effort is indeed rewarding. At age ten he was organist for priesthood meeting, even though he was too young to hold the priesthood. He received his Eagle award in the minimum time required. He has been on the school honor roll each quarter and was chosen to join the honors society as a result of his activities and grade point average. Today, at 14, he is the ward organist, an officer in his priesthood quorum, a patrol leader, and holds a steady job. Denver Stake claims him.

"... when you carry the gospel to them, they receive it with open hearts." These words of President Joseph Fielding Smith are being accepted as a challenge by a group of youth missionaries in American Samoa. Fifty-three of these young Latter-day Saints met to organize the "Y-Mom's" (Young Missionaries of Mapusaga) and to spread the gospel. Arranging cottage

meetings and spreading the word of the gospel, however, are not their only tasks. They also organize all kinds of activities for fellowshipping new members. There are Hawaiians, Tongans, and Samoans represented in the group.



Carol Wooten of the Henderson (Nevada) Third Ward, Lake Mead Stake, is the first girl to receive the gold medallion award in that area. She has had nearly 100 percent attendance at all of her meetings over the years. She is a talented musician and honor student at school.



The Cardston (Alberta Stake, Canada) First Ward junior girls won the regional volleyball tournament trophy for the

fourth consecutive time. They were the only undefeated team in the tournament. Players are April Cameron, Lorraine Palmer, Lori Beazer, Millie Hotomaine, Pat Allred, Brenda Beazer, Maurren Quinton, and Debbie Leavitt.



Susan Coombs and Vernon Roche are outstanding Church youth who were named all-around cowboy and cowgirl at the Utah State championship rodeo for high school students. Susan has won a seminary award for scholarship and a college language award for her excellence in Spanish. She serves on the youth missionary committee. Vernon is a seminary graduate and star basketball player, and was named to the all-star football team. He's an active priesthood member.



Portland District seminary youth have had marvelous success in their leadership training sessions, and part of the credit goes to student planners Mike Forkner, Kay Potter, Dianna Mattson, Mike Johnson, Sherida Evans, Paul Hendengren, Tim Grossnickle, Ray Short, Dan Bean, and Weldon Thacker.



At the invitation of the Reverend Bertrand Cristi, a group of Latter-day Saint youth in Los Angeles have been holding their seminary services in his building. Participants in this brotherhood experience are Marianne Manns, Lynnae Startup, Nancy Startup, Keidi Kratzer, Mary Jane Richey, Rosie Armstrong, Phil Ellsworth, Chris Robinson, Tad Gwynn, Cheryl Anderson, Charlotte Stout, and Cathie Thody.



Winters, California, residents marveled when Latter-day Saint teens in the area got together and remodeled a fruit-packing shed to use as their very own seminary building. Involved in the project were Lorna Warren, teacher; Gay Morgan, her assistant; and students Karren Beck, Kenneth Busbee, Sandra Busbee, Connie Clark, Howard Clark, and Joyce Warren.

William T. Wyatt, Jr., is a new convert and a graduate of the University of Virginia, where he was a member

of the College Bowl team that went through five sessions undefeated. An active member of the Church now, he has a strong testimony. After reading the Book of Mormon he said, "This has been a revolutionary week in my life." He then asked to be baptized at once. He was recently honored by the Belvoir branch of the Scientific Research Society of America for winning their fifth annual scientific achievement award. (This usually goes to much older scientists.)



Dale Haynes Densley was honored by teammates recently for compiling the highest number of individual points for the YMCA swim team. Dale is president of his priesthood quorum in Yakima Second Ward, Yakima, Washington. He's also on the school honor roll.



Jay Lucas is setting an impressive example for friends and family alike. He is the only member of his immediate family to join the Church and is a member of the Radford (Virginia) Branch. He is the only Mormon in his high school, where he is editor of the yearbook and has served as student body president. He has won many awards for his ability as a pianist.



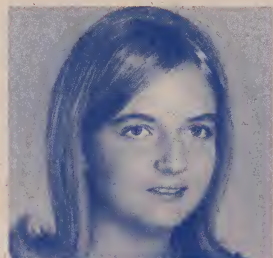
Spec. 5 Harold Ethington is a serviceman with winning ways. While stationed at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, he won top honors in the musical talent contest for his post and region, and earned a place with the traveling troupe to entertain servicemen throughout the Fourth Army area. He is from Yuba City, California, and has served a mission to Central America. He plans to attend BYU when he returns from duty in Vietnam.



Renae Stone, a pretty blonde Mormon from Draper, Utah, has sprouted wings and is spanning the Pacific as a Pan American Airways hostess. She filled a mission to the Eastern Atlantic States and is now serving aboard a jet clipper flying to the south seas.



When the young people of Westchester Ward, New York Stake, asked permission to give a play by themselves, the MIA leaders agreed. Patti Marrone, Susan Nibley, and Pat Stoddard were the guiding lights. They staged "Harvey" with resounding success.



Jeannette Walker is a member of the Englewood Ward, Denver South Stake. She has won top honors in home economics at school, and besides being a regular seminary student and talented pianist, she sews her own clothes.



John Stewart of Brighton, Colorado, was selected as one of the 13 Scouts from various regions of the United States to participate in the "Report to the Nation" with President Lyndon B. Johnson this year. He was also this year's winner in his area for the Voice of Democracy essay contest. John is a star basketball player, a thespian of some fame at his high school, and was recently chosen as an outstanding student for his country because of activities and scholarship. He is planning to fill a mission.



Jeanne Veylupek of Pasadena, California, has won 11 individual awards consecutively. This is no small feat. But in addition she has had 100 percent attendance in all of her seminary and church meetings for 11 years! She is a Golden Gleaner and claims that working musically with young children is the best of all her Church positions.

Good Thoughts

By John Randolph Stidman

● In a recent magazine article, a writer asked the person interviewed why she seemed so happy and satisfied with her work. One of her striking answers contained this statement: "The main thing is, I think good thoughts."

Not only is this a rational philosophy for good minds, but the idea is also full of beauty and grace. Keep your mind as a storehouse of good things, and there will be no room for anything else.

The place to look for good things is, first and foremost, the Holy Bible. It offers peace, beauty, knowledge, warning, advice, history, art, literature, poetry, and many other priceless things to enrich the mind that reaches out to take them.

From this treasure house of beauty come the immortal words of Ruth, full of music and poetry, speaking to her mother-in-law, Naomi: "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." (Ruth 1:16.)

In the pastoral rhapsody of the twenty-third psalm, we read, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." The calm assurance of peace contained in this great psalm may be felt in every phase of human life. Many times these comforting words have been read to persons moving out of this world into the great adventure beyond. With full confidence in the message, they look for their place "beside the still waters."

There is another good thought that may strike the mind like a chord of music. In Psalm 139, David praises God for his all-embracing providence. In verses of true poetry, the psalmist sings of the constancy of his God: "If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." The wings of the morning. What beauty lies in this metaphor!

The mind, in its quest for peace and contentment, may find good thoughts in abundance just by seeking them out and holding on to them. Look around; they are available in every direction, ready to flood the inner consciousness with rewarding pleasure.

Paul sounded a mighty chord of majestic music that excites the mind in its quest for beauty and expression:

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." (1 Cor. 13:1.) He follows these words with this stirring eulogy: "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." (1 Cor. 13:13.)

For more good thoughts, let the mind dwell on the lives of those who have died for their convictions. Follow them through fire and flood, fighting and enduring great privations for a cause. Or stand upon a mountaintop and see the mighty picture God has painted for you. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament

sheweth his handywork." (Ps. 19:1.) Consider God's magic in all the growing things, in sun, rain, and forest. Look at a rose and drink in its fragrance.

The healthy, imaginative mind is always working, planning, exploring, and moving into new adventures. Impelled by good thoughts, there is no limit to what we may achieve toward a successful life in this world and the world hereafter.

Thinking good thoughts is like opening the window of a dark room and flooding it with fresh air and sunshine, like rising to a higher level and dwelling on the rooftops in a penthouse of gracious living. Holding good thoughts in the mind will help it to rise above any storm of evil designs.

Good thoughts are spiritual jewels that we may obtain freely, enjoying their shining brilliance to our heart's content. They inspire clean living, and they may produce the motive power that impels one to reach for the highest goals.

From dark alleys, gloomy workshops, and all the commonplace things of life, good thoughts may, like birds, soar across mountaintops, golden fields of grain, the wide sweep of the sea, rolling hills, and singing rivers—all working together under the governing hand of God. There is also a rewarding element of peace and refreshment in just allowing the mind to bathe itself in good and beautiful thoughts.

Good thoughts inspire good works, and good works are the passport to heaven. ○



Adviser to Vietnamese
Dr. Desmond L. Anderson
of the Pasadena
(California) Ward has
been appointed academic

adviser to the National
Defense College for
the general officers of the
South Vietnamese
Army. He will also serve
as academic adviser
to the National Institute
of Administration, which
trains Vietnamese
for government leadership.
Part of his assignment
will be to conduct
seminars on national
leadership and resources.
He will be headquartered
in Saigon.



All-Church Basketball Champions

Seventy-two teams competed in the finals of the all-Church basketball tournament during week-long competition in Salt Lake City. In the 32-team senior division, Holladay Third Ward of the Holladay (Salt Lake County) Stake defeated Baldwin Park (California) of the West Covina Stake, 75-68, for first place. College division champions are Brigham Young University Third Ward, BYU Second Stake, who defeated University of Utah Sixth Ward, University Second Stake, 87-71. In the 32-team junior division, South Weber

(Utah) Ward of Weber Heights Stake beat Bennion Ward, Taylorsville (Salt Lake County) Stake, 50-40. Winners of sportsmanship trophies were Mesa (Arizona) First Ward, Maricopa Stake, senior division, and Sugar City (Idaho) Ward, North Rexburg Stake, junior division. Most valuable player awards went to Gary Stahl, Holladay Third Ward, and Corry Jones, Baldwin Park Ward, senior division; Rich Bennion, BYU Third Ward, college division; and Henry Plum, South Weber Ward, junior division.



New University Presidents

Dr. John T. Bernhard, dean of the College of Social Sciences at Brigham Young University, has been named president of Western Illinois University. The 9,000-student university is located at Macomb, Illinois, about 40 miles east of Nauvoo, center of early Church history. The university is expected to increase to 18,000 students by 1975. Brother Bernhard recently returned from two years as an adviser to the University of Minas Gerais in Brazil.



Dr. Glen L. Taggart, dean of International Studies and Programs at Michigan State University, has been named president of Utah State University at Logan, Utah. He will succeed Dr. Daryl Chase, who will be named president emeritus. Brother Taggart has served as vice-chancellor of the University of Nigeria and as a consultant to governments, universities, and foundations in 38 countries.



Dayton Superintendent

Dr. Wayne M. Carle of the Columbus (Ohio) Second Ward has been named superintendent of the 60,000-pupil Dayton, Ohio, public school system. The district has a total of 68 schools. Brother Carle was formerly assistant state superintendent of public instruction in Ohio.

The LDS Scene



Dramas Requested

Nathan B. Hale, chairman of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association speech committee, Frances Boyden, chairman of the YWMIA drama committee, and Francis L. Urry, member of the YMMIA drama committee, examine a new script submitted for publication in a new MIA play book. Playwrights are encouraged to submit plays with plots that adhere to LDS standards. Productions featuring all-girl or mostly girl casts are particularly needed. Plays should be sent to MIA Drama Committee, 79 South State, Salt Lake City, Utah 84111.



"Bye Bye, Birdie" to Europe

Fifteen Brigham Young University student cast members of the musical "Bye Bye, Birdie" are currently touring Europe for eight weeks for the U.S. Department of Defense. The play, a spoof on teenage Americans and their music idols, is directed by Dr. Harold I. Hansen of BYU's Speech and Dramatic Arts Department. Following the tour of U.S. military bases, the troupe will perform for two weeks in England and Scandinavia for members of the Church. "Bye Bye, Birdie" is the third USO-sponsored show presented by BYU.

A Letter to Mother

● I didn't understand, until later, the reason for the feeling of sadness that lay so heavily on my heart that particular morning. It had started early, even before I had risen from my bed. Indeed, it must have awakened me from a troubled sleep, and I remained awake, struggling with a feeling of such inexpressible sadness that I had the strangest desire to weep, but I did not know why.

During the remainder of those early hours I tried to recover from the emotional disturbance within me. After I arrived at my office, I closed the door and began sorting the papers on my desk that needed my attention: contracts and agreements to be studied, correspondence to be read, letters to be written. Letters! With a sudden twinge of conscience I remembered a letter I had neglected to write, one that I had been telling myself I would write—soon. How easy to promise, and how easy to forget. How natural to put off until a more convenient time that which did not demand the present time. Well, now was the time, and so I wrote:

Dearest Mom:

I have had such a feeling of loneliness this morning that I feel the need to tell you how much I love you and miss the close companionship I so much enjoyed when I was home with you and Dad. If I have neglected to tell you this as often as I should, I hope you will for-

give me. And since you are the kind of mother you are, I know forgiveness is in your heart even before I ask for it.

As I think of the words I should write, I remember the years that have passed since my childhood—years of your love and sacrifice that are now so vivid in my memory but which, during those early years, were so much taken for granted. And I know you would not have had it otherwise, for thoughts of obligation of child to parents would have taken away much of the happiness of that world in which I lived. However, if I had known then, or if I had been capable of fully comprehending, your sacrifices, the depth of my gratitude and my acknowledgment of it might have been hastened.

For some reason my memory of those years is more vivid this morning than ever before. As I sit here, it is as though you are very near to me. I almost feel your presence by my side. How wonderful is the truth revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith—that our spirits, that eternal part of us, may commune with each other and ignore the distances that separate us!

As I grew older, I began to understand the meaning of

the bits of conversation I heard concerning the story of my birth. I began to understand the great physical sacrifice you made that I might possess a body and enter into this phase of my probation. When I learned that for many days after my birth you hovered between life and death, I wondered, and still ask the question: can anything I do in life compensate for such sacrifice?

I have tried to make compensation, but my efforts fail when compared to the ever-increasing sum of the gifts I have received from you and Dad, the teachings by precept and example that have guided my life and returned me, time after time, to the straight path. Will there be time in the eternities to make payment in full? If not, how sweet the indebtedness and how tender and loving the ones to whom payment is due!

I have been reasonably successful in my business affairs. Were it not that the thought is unkind, I could almost wish that you and Dad needed my help. But even as I think of it I can almost hear you say, as you have said many times, "Son, your continued progress in the kingdom of God is, to us, more than payment in full



Richard L. Evans

The Spoken Word

The safety of counsel

By William T. Sykes
Editorial Associate

for all we have done." Such ties of indebtedness add strength to the seal that binds the children to their fathers and mothers in love and gratitude throughout eternity. There never fails to be an endearing relationship between the giver of the gift and the receiver, if spirits are in tune and hearts are filled with love and gratitude. I know it is so, for I have felt it in my life, and I have seen it in yours. It is one of the few enduring things we can cling to in this sadly mixed-up world.

I hope your understanding heart will fill in those words I grope for and cannot find. And I wish, oh so earnestly, there could be some way to hasten that time when a child begins to fully understand and appreciate the love that lies in a mother's heart!

Your loving son,
Robert

I sat quietly for a moment and then folded the letter. I was placing it in an envelope when my secretary entered, a telegram in her hand. I opened it and read:

Dear Son: Your mother passed away early this morning. We had not known of her heart condition. Her last words were, "Tell Robert I love him." Dad ○

Young people sometimes seem to decide to go it alone in life. They learn a little and feel they have learned much more, and often fail to seek counsel because they think they already know the answer—or at least the one they want. But none of us—at any age—is ever so old or so young, so knowledgeable or so self-assured that he doesn't need counsel. When a person of much experience and much responsibility fails to seek counsel, he has arrived at a precarious place. When a person of inexperience feels he doesn't need to listen, doesn't need to learn, he, too, has arrived at a precarious place. "They that will not be counselled," said Benjamin Franklin, "cannot be helped. If you do not hear reason she will rap you on the knuckles."¹ No one is knowledgeable enough or has perspective enough to think of everything at once, to see all possible meanings in a clause or contract or commitment, or be aware of all the hazards, or see all sides of a subject. No one should write a letter of serious commitment, put anything into print, or make a decision of consequence in matters of marriage, money, career, or be enticed to sign or say yes to any plausible proposition, or make any quick or substantial commitment of any kind without considering, reconsidering, and seeking adequate counsel. Successful people need counsel. Unsuccessful people need counsel. The hasty impulse, the know-it-all attitude, the pride that keeps us from asking—these are dangerous approaches to any problem. From the youngest in years to the oldest of age, there is no one who can be always sure he is right, no one who has learned so much of life that he doesn't need the counsel of others, and a prayerful approach to all problems. "Counsel with the Lord in all thy doings," said Alma, "and he will direct thee for good. . . ."² There is safety in counsel, no safety without it. "They that will not be counselled, cannot be helped."

¹Benjamin Franklin, *Autobiography*.

²Alma 37:37.

* "The Spoken Word" from Temple Square, presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System February 25, 1968. Copyright 1968.

Small Daughter Sleeping

By Pauline Havard

*Her hands careless at her side;
She lies asleep on night's dark tide.
Cool, silver fingers of the moon
Caress her form; the nightwinds croon,
Near her window, lullabies;
The day's wonder is sealed in her eyes.
Seeing sweet lips, each small, curved cheek
Inspires a love that cannot speak;
We tiptoe out, leaving her there,
The starshine bright on outspread hair.*

"I'm a 17-year-old girl who may as well be an orphan," said one girl.

The Presiding Bishop Talks

to Parents

By Bishop John H. Vandenberg

● Someone once discovered a rye plant that had a root system, roots, and rootlets measuring 387 miles. It is interesting that a comparatively simple rye plant has such an extensive foundation.

With the simple rye plant so firmly attached to its source of strength, it gives rise to the question: how firmly rooted are our children in the spiritual values of life? Have we provided them with a spiritual "root system" that will enable them to withstand the worldly storms of this day? If parents do not assist their children in achieving this spiritual grounding, it will, in all likelihood, never be accomplished.

There is no influence in a youth's life that is so vital and determining as the influence exerted by parents—whether that influence be constructive or otherwise. In a very real sense, a child is a reflection of his home and his parents. Mahatma Gandhi once said, "My life is my message." This is also true for parents. A parent's happiness, problems, goals, beliefs, and philosophy all influence his child. D. L. Law

has expressed this thinking as follows:

"If a child lives with criticism, he learns to condemn.

"If a child lives with hostility, he learns to fight.

"If a child lives with fear, he learns to be apprehensive.

"If a child lives with pity, he learns to feel sorry for himself.

"If a child lives with ridicule, he learns to be shy.

"If a child lives with jealousy, he learns to feel guilty.

"If a child lives with tolerance, he learns to be patient.

"If a child lives with encouragement, he learns to be confident.

"If a child lives with praise, he learns to be appreciative.

"If a child lives with approval, he learns to like himself.

"If a child lives with recognition, he learns to have a goal.

"If a child lives with honesty, he learns what truth is.

"If a child lives with security, he learns to have faith in himself and others.

"If a child lives with friendliness,

he learns the world is a lovely place in which to live.

"If a child lives with acceptance, he learns to love."

To an extent, then, parents shape what their children become. Parents will find, as their children approach the partial independence that comes with adolescence, that they will more and more mirror the teachings of the home, whether those teachings have been given explicitly or inadvertently by the parents. It is to these youth, our young men of the Aaronic Priesthood and our young ladies of MIA age, that I would like to focus our attention. These are vital years, years of momentous pressures, of life-determining decisions, of numerous temptations.

It is in these years that parents need to have a special awareness of their sons and daughters. And even though youth of this age group begin to assert their independence, they still have a particular need for constructive discipline, for definite rules and instructions. These rules need to allow for individual initiative and growth, but they also need to be firmly enforced. This was indicated by a letter printed in a nationally syndicated column: "I'm a 17-year-old girl who may as well be an orphan. My folks don't care what I do. I can go any place, with anyone, at anytime. No questions are ever asked. . . . All teenagers need rules to follow. It makes them feel as though somebody really cares about them."

Young people need, and expect, parents to establish guidelines for

"My parents don't care what I do."

them to follow. The Lord holds the same expectations of parents. His thinking in this matter is illustrated by the way he dealt with Eli, a priest of ancient Israel. Eli failed to correct his wayward sons, and thus came this firm rebuke from the Lord: "And the Lord said to Samuel, Behold, I will do a thing in Israel, at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle.

"In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house: when I begin, I will also make an end.

"For I have told him I will judge his house for ever for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not.

"And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering for ever." (1 Sam. 3:11-14.)

The United States today is suffering, literally, because of lack of leadership and discipline in the home. The National Crime Commission, which recently reported to the President, lays much of the blame for the crime problem (of which "youth is apparently responsible for a substantial and disproportionate part") on parents. The commission's report makes this statement:


"The programs and activities of almost every kind of social institution with which children come in contact—schools, churches, social-service agencies, youth organizations—are predicated on the assumption that children acquire

their fundamental attitudes toward life, their moral standards, in their homes. . . .

"What appears to be happening throughout the country, in the cities and in the suburbs, among the poor and among the well-to-do, is that parental, and especially paternal, authority over young people is becoming weaker."

The way to decrease the rate of crime among our youth, the way to build a generation of youth with moral strength and high ideals, is not through government-subsidized programs, but rather through each parent realizing that his role as a parent is his most important role. Some parents need to return the home to the important role that the Lord declares it should have in our lives. The Prophet's statement, "No other success can compensate for failure in the home," needs to be more than quoted—it needs to be believed and applied. Through the family home evening, parents have one of the great tools for raising a choice family. Neglect of this inspired program can result in the family becoming less than what it might be.

The responsibility of parents to teach their children has been with us since Adam's day. The prophets gave this counsel to ancient Israel: "And ye shall teach them to your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." (Deut. 11:19.) While this counsel may not be new, its application has never been needed more. ○



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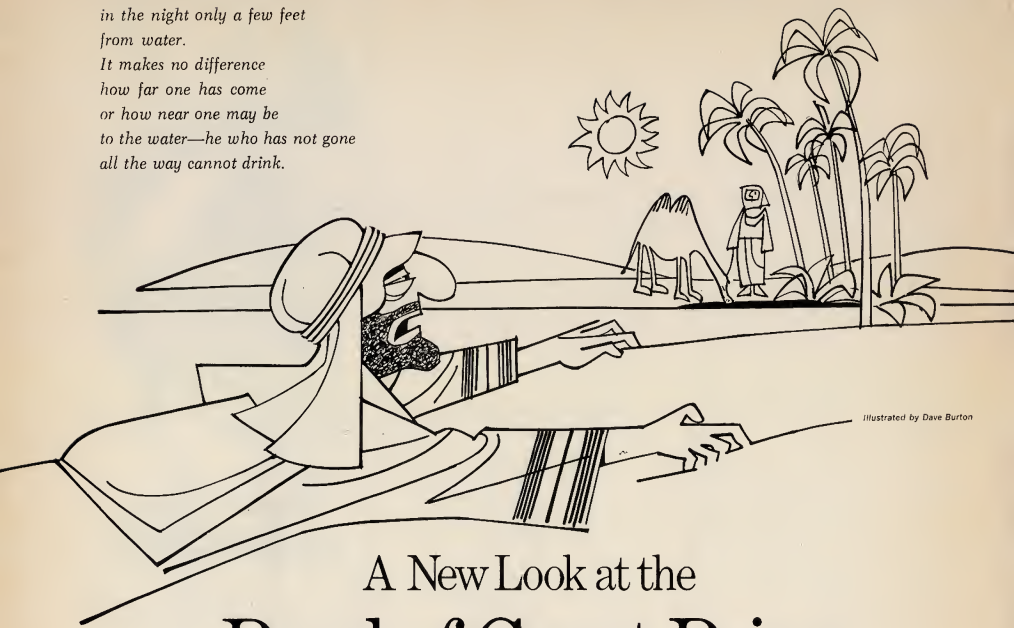
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A New Look at the Pearl of Great Price

Part 2. May We See Your Credentials?

By Dr. Hugh Nibley

● At this point of the journey some footsore tourists are asking their amateur guide why he insists on leading the party through the Dismal Swamp instead of taking them right to the Giant Redwoods. It is because the Book of Abraham criticism has never gotten out of the bog; we must become familiar with its depressing terrain because we and all the other critics of that book are still stuck in it. The situation today is virtually identical with that of 1912; even the presence on the scene of some of the original papyri, including those used by the Prophet in preparing the text of the Book of Abraham and the Facsimiles

with their commentaries, has not raised a single new question, though, as we shall see, it has solved some old ones.¹

If the knowledge of Egyptologists is greater today than it was in 1912, their authority is less, for it is doubtful whether any living scholar could or should ever hope to enjoy the enormous prestige of a Petrie, Meyer, Breasted, von Bissing, or Sayce. But the appeal is still as much as ever to authority, and that is why it is now high time that somebody ask the question that has never been raised by anybody yet, namely, just how well equipped Dr. Spalding's illustrious jury really

were, individually and collectively, to make a pronouncement on the Book of Abraham. That, after all, is the crux of the whole business, and it will remain so as long as it is assumed that whoever knows most about a subject must have all the answers. Bishop Spalding's boast was that he had made "an extensive inquiry among the scholars of the world," and had enlisted the services of "leading scholars throughout the civilized world," his work being thus "an anthology of opinions of authoritative scholars . . . judgments of the world's greatest Egyptologists."² At no time did the Mormons or anyone else ever chal-

lenge the right of the committee to its claims to learned preeminence. "I took no issue with the Egyptologists," wrote Dr. John A. Widtsoe. "... I shall not allow myself to be drawn into any discussion of the meaning of Egyptian hieroglyphics, which you have agreed to make clear to us."³

The big question of the authenticity of the Book of Abraham is one that must be broken down into many smaller questions, and the questions that will occur to various investigators differ greatly, depending on their various lines of approach. An Egyptologist will ask questions that would never occur to a layman, a Bible student will ask questions that one indifferent to the Bible would never think to ask, and a believer will ask questions that mean little or nothing to an unbeliever. Among such questions, that of the competence of any jury to judge of the inspiration of the Pearl of Great Price is entirely irrelevant. Whatever competence any such jury may have is bound to appear inevitably in the nature of the questions *they* ask and the answers they supply. But since in this particular case the board of experts asked no questions (!), and since the professional standing of its members turned out to be not merely the principal but the *only* support for the Spalding thesis, the question of their competence, no matter how impertinent or embarrassing it might be, cannot be avoided. It is the one question that should have been asked before all others, and it so happens that it is also the one question that nobody ever asked.

If "in a matter of this kind [as Spalding puts it] most of us must form our judgment from the opinions of competent experts," the question for all to keep in mind at all times is whether or not the experts have bridged the gap between our world and the world of Abraham. That gap may not be as wide today as it was half a century ago, but it is just as absolute. This is no paradox. Traveling in the "red rock country," one sometimes comes upon an abrupt canyon

with sheer walls hundreds of feet high, and must either turn back or seek to find the head of the canyon and go around it. This can make a trip to Canyonlands a very frustrating experience. It makes little difference whether the walls that drop off at our feet are 100 or 1,000 feet high, and it makes no difference at all whether the big gap is 50 feet wide or a mile across—in either case you are stopped cold.

So it is with the Book of Abraham. We either have the knowledge requisite to understanding it all the way or we do not, and we would be just as far from the mark in claiming such knowledge today as the scholars were in 1912. Knowing a lot is not enough: we have heard moving stories of wandering Arabs who have died of thirst in the night only a few feet from water. It makes no difference how far one has come or how near one may be to the water—he who has not gone all the way cannot drink. None have discoursed more eloquently than the Egyptologists themselves on their perennial predicament, which is that though they may be much nearer their goals than they once were, like the benighted Arab they have no means of knowing how much nearer or even whether they have been moving in the right direction or not. Their uncertainty is echoed in a remark of de Rouge: "Champollion had to contend all his life against lively and obstinate opposition. He died, and scholarship stood still for twenty-five years," for the great man's critics "did not even have the courage to profit by his discoveries."⁴ The whole history of Egyptology is, as Maspero observed from time to time, a warning against that peculiar overconfidence that is born of a safe and timid conformity. And it is doubtful if any other Egyptologist ever exemplified more fully the predicament of the specialist in that field than Professor S. A. B. Mercer.

As we have seen, the Bishop's right-hand man throughout the controversy was the "Reverend Professor C. A. B. Mercer [Spalding got the initials

wrong], Ph.D., Western Theological Seminary, Custodian Hibbard Collection Egyptian Reproductions." The 32-year-old Mercer, with his shiny new two-year-old Ph.D. degree from Munich, had just transferred from a seminary in Kansas to the one in Chicago, there to become "Professor of Hebrew and the Interpretation of the Old Testament."⁵ It was Mercer who, after the others had withdrawn, encouraged his superior to carry on: "... in this particular case I think you are right in following up what you have already done; and I shall be glad to help you as far as my time will permit. . . ."⁶

Mercer not only spearheaded the attack in 1912 but, interestingly enough, he is the one man who has returned to the fray in our generation, having written as late as 1953 confirming his position of 1912.⁷ At last report he was still going strong, and we wish him well, for he was not only a man of great courtesy and kindness but in 1956 sold his splendid Egyptian library, the fruit of a long lifetime of diligent collecting, to the BYU at a price that can only be described as generous. This has put us in possession not only of all of Dr. Mercer's published works, but also of nearly all the Egyptian sources he used in preparing them. Since then we have spent many hundreds of hours among Mercer's books marked with his own countless penciled annotations, and so have come to feel that we know him well, having acquired a very strong and clear impression of the method and depth of his scholarship. Fortunately we can leave all comments on these to authentic Egyptologists whom we quote below.

Of all Bishop Spalding's helpers, Dr. Mercer was by far the hardest on the Mormons. Had he taken any other position than that of absolute certainty of his own sufficiency and fierce and unrelenting denunciation of Joseph Smith, to whom he conceded not the slightest glimmer of sense or integrity, Dr. Mercer would not have been the legitimate target he is, or invited by way of rebuttal examination

“Still harping on translation, the ‘clear-cut translation’

—and nobody had translated a word!”

of his boasted competence, for never was there a man who was more sure of his scholarship, more wholeheartedly dedicated to the learned establishment as such. The young seminarist is quite intoxicated with the importance of being a recognized scholar; he never lets us forget that he is a scholar speaking with the authority of scholarship. Above all, he prides himself on competence as a linguist. “I speak as a linguist,” he wrote in 1912, “when I say that if Smith knew Egyptian and correctly interpreted the facsimiles which were submitted to me, then I don’t know a word of Egyptian. Any pupil of mine who would show such absolute ignorance of Egyptian as Smith does, could not possibly expect to get more than a zero in an examination in Egyptology.”⁸ “If he [Dr. Widtsoe] knew anything about linguistic work of the nature of hieroglyphics he would not ask such question, for any ancient linguist knows that the unanimous testimony of eight scholars is the same as that of eighty and eight.”⁹ Any linguist knows nothing of the sort, but what a production Dr. Mercer makes of it!

When in 1953 a zealous collector of anti-Mormon tidbits asked Professor Mercer whether he still maintained his position as of 1912/13, the Doctor replied by letter, “I am sure that my views on the subject have not changed, because the translation was so clear-cut.”¹⁰ Still harping on translation, the “clear-cut” translation—and nobody had translated a word! In dealing with the Mormons Mercer clings to the linguistic issue because it is there alone that he has the Mormons at a complete disadvantage. “This will be a purely literary and scientific test.”

“The animus evident . . . is purely because of linguistic, and not because of religious reasons. . . . the scholars felt that linguistically . . . the subject was not worth much of their valuable time. . . . They condemned it purely on the linguistic grounds,” and the Mormons deserve “a scorn which was due to the crudeness of the linguistic work of the Prophets,” etc.¹¹ “The translations were absolutely wrong in every detail,” Mercer had declared, and he should know, since all Egyptian documents “can be read with comparative ease.”¹²

The Mormons, whom Mercer dismisses as mere “laymen in things Egyptian,” need not feel too badly under the lash of his scorn, however, for Mercer’s own colleagues, including the foremost Egyptologists of the time, were not spared his withering rebukes, nay, even fellow members of the Spalding committee do not escape his two-edged sword of science and scholarship.

When the great Breasted, Mercer’s teacher, published his *Dawn of Conscience*, one of the freshest and most original works ever written about Egypt, Mercer, as editor and reviewer of the short-lived journal *Egyptian Religion*, could only report, “There is very little that is new revealed in this book,” and chided its author for “excessive use of superlatives . . . which cannot fail to irritate a bit, especially when some of the superlatives are not justifiable.”¹³ Mercer never explains why the superlatives are not justified, unless it is because true, sound, cautious scholars are never guilty of using superlatives. He objects to Breasted’s dating of an important document as “an example of too many assumptions

by him,” justifying his criticism not by contrary evidence but by the sage and learned platitude that “origins and borrowings are very difficult things to determine and establish.” He should have thought of that when he so lightly brushed the Facsimiles aside. Dr. Mercer cautions us that in reading the work of Breasted “the student must be on his guard against the results of an enthusiasm, legitimate in itself, but not always helpful in attempting to arrive at sound conclusions.” All very patronizing, very much the cautious scientist and scholar. He tells us that Breasted’s “‘messianism’” cannot be found in Egyptian texts no matter how sympathetically they may be studied and interpreted. Breasted has done his best to find it, but the reader may be left to judge of his own success.¹⁴

Again, instead of doing any real work in showing where Breasted is wrong, Mercer leaves the decision with the reader—an odd procedure indeed for one who worships authority and merely tolerates the layman. As in his dealings with the Mormons a decade earlier, Mercer in his reviews in *Egyptian Religion* rarely gives the reader anything to go on but his opinion—but when it is his opinion against that of a giant like Breasted, what are we to think?

In another review Dr. Mercer criticized S. H. Hooke for employing exactly the same method in defense of “patternism” that Mercer himself had recommended in attacking the Pearl of Great Price: “After formulating his theory Hooke gets six scholars, experts in their own department of Oriental research, to try to illustrate or prove his theory.” This method he finds al-

together too "imaginative" and untrustworthy.¹⁵ But was it not Mercer himself who only a short time before had insisted that "the unanimous opinion of the scholars is unassailable," and that "the practical agreement of eleven admittedly competent Orientalists" should be final proof, and that "the unanimous testimony of eight scholars is the same as that of eighty and eight"? Speaking exactly as if he were attacking the Mormons, Mercer notes that Professor Blackmann in attempting to support "strikes a deadly blow at the pattern theory of the editor" by suggesting that "the original 'pattern' was not a product of Egypt but an importation thither."¹⁶ Yet Egyptian origin is not an essential condition to the pattern theory at all—Mercer has missed the point, but how familiar his scolding sounds! Shortly before this Mercer had dismissed in two sentences A. Jeremias's truly remarkable work, *Der Kosmos von Sumer*, with crushing finality: "Of course, Dr. Jeremias has his own special and peculiar ways of interpreting ancient cosmic ideas. . . ."¹⁷ Of course, indeed—that is just what made Jeremias a great scholar, but for Mercer it is the unpardonable sin of deviating from the respectable conventions of the establishment: no explanations are indicated; Mercer dismisses Jeremias with a magisterial wave of the hand.

He is even more patronizing in dealing with Arthur Weigall, who had been the inspector-general of antiquities for the Egyptian government since 1905, with an impressive list of important archaeological publications to his credit. "Weigall's academic preparation did not enable him to enter very deeply into more intricate problems of editing and translating texts and commenting upon them. . . . his lack of training in philology led him into serious difficulties."¹⁸ Always the language business. More serious is his casual dismissal of the work on Egyptian religion of one of the greatest of all Egyptologists, Hermann Junker: "But curiously enough," says Mercer, speaking of Junker's fundamental thesis, "he

believes he has found evidence to prove a primitive belief in one great world god. This to my mind shows a complete misunderstanding of the nature of primitive thought and understanding."¹⁹ Just where has the great Junker failed? ". . . his idea of a primitive universal god in ancient Egypt [is] an idea which really has no foundation in fact."²⁰

This is a very serious challenge indeed, but Dr. Mercer does not bother to show us what the real factual foundation is; against Junker's solid and original work he is content to place the opinions of contemporary anthropology.²¹ We may excuse him for thrusting aside W. E. Oesterley and T. H. Robinson's famous *Introduction to the Books of the Old Testament* as practically worthless;²² but when he chides the immortal A. Erman for negligence in his specialty we wonder if he may not be going too far: "Like many other Egyptologists who have written on the subject, Erman uses such terms as 'monotheism' in a very loose sense, without defining what he understands by 'monotheism,'"—though Erman had written a whole book on the subject. Mercer is good enough to explain that he believes in "modern, scientific monotheism," whatever that is.²³

The last of the auxiliary troops to rush to Dr. Spalding's assistance when he found himself entangled in the contradictory statements of the other

experts was Professor George A. Barton. And how does Dr. Mercer deal with Dr. Barton? Of his *Semitic and Hamitic Origins*, the Reverend Mercer writes: ". . . all such collections of deductions, possibilities and probabilities are doomed by nature to be superceded," and this particular book "contains too many fanciful as well as bold deductions for its destiny to be otherwise."²⁴ In dealing with Egypt in particular, according to Mercer, Dr. Barton "has very often fumbled very badly." "Throughout the book there are far too many hypotheses without adequate foundation . . . the reader must be on guard to check every statement, and especially all words and phrases in Egyptian, Coptic, etc. . . . as for French, German and English the misprints and errors are legion."²⁵ He recommends that any future edition of the book "should be rigorously revised," and "while for students of Semitic origins the book will be found of considerable value, when used with caution, the same cannot, however, be said of students of Egyptian origins."²⁶ As ever, Mercer plays up his role as that of super linguist and Egyptologist. Barton's worst offense, however, is that when he comes to treat the Sumerian flood story he does not even refer to Mercer's work on the subject; and though he mentions Mercer's own work on Babylonian religion, "he cannot have read the book which he so lightly brushes aside."²⁷

(To be continued)

FOOTNOTES

¹⁵Even the astonishing disproportion between the bulk of the Book of Abraham and the brevity of the text from which Joseph Smith seems to have derived it was noted as long ago as 1915 by the last of the official Spalding supporters, E. G. Corbridge, in *The Literary Digest*, July 10, 1915, p. 66: ". . . the hieroglyphic inscription is very short, but Smith's translation of it covers thirty pages of printed matter."

¹⁶Quoted in *Era*, Vol. 16, p. 691.

¹⁷*Era*, Vol. 16, p. 617.

¹⁸Quoted in *Bibliothèque Egyptologique*, Vol. 26, p. 228.

¹⁹For vital statistics, see the *Utah Survey*, Vol. 1 (1913), No. 1, p. 3, and *Who's Who* (London), 1967.

²⁰Quoted in *Era*, Vol. 16, p. 611.

²¹This letter, dated Feb. 19, 1953, has been circulated by LaMar Petersen along with his own letter to Dr. Mercer, dated Dec. 16, 1952. (*BYU File M1265.*)

²²*Era*, Vol. 16, p. 615.

²³*Era*, loc. cit., and pp. 455-56, 617; *Utah Survey*, Vol. 1, p. 30.

²⁴See above, note 7.

²⁵All from the *Utah Survey*, Vol. 1, pp. 7-11.

²⁶*Utah Survey*, Vol. 1, p. 612.

²⁷S. A. B. Mercer, in *Egyptian Religion*, Vol. 2 (1934), p. 70.

²⁸*Ibid.*, p. 71.

²⁹*Ibid.*, Vol. 1 (1933), p. 84.

³⁰*Ibid.*, p. 85.

³¹*Ibid.*, Vol. 1, p. 38.

³²*Ibid.*, Vol. 2, p. 75.

³³*Ibid.*, Vol. 3 (1935), p. 64.

³⁴*Ibid.*, p. 65.

³⁵Dr. Mercer has great confidence in his own capacity to see into the mind of the primitive. ". . . and just as the imagination of children is less restrained than that of grown-ups, so the imagination of primitive men was vastly more active than our own. So the men of Egypt saw heaven as an immense friendly cow standing over them." S. A. B. Mercer, *The Religion of Ancient Egypt* (London: Luzac, 1949), p. 21. In the margin of one of J. Cerny's works on the religion of the Old and Middle Kingdoms, Dr. Mercer has written one eloquent word—"Absurd!" In his own work, Mercer accepts without question the once fashionable but long-outmoded theory of animism as the key to the understanding of early Egyptian religion; *ibid.*, p. 299.

³⁶In *Egyptian Religion*, Vol. 3, p. 115.

³⁷*Ibid.*, Vol. 3, p. 160.

³⁸*Ibid.*, pp. 160f.

³⁹*Ibid.*, Vol. 3, p. 161.

⁴⁰*Ibid.*, p. 162.

Extra +Sal- =aries

Turning Financial Folly Into Family Fun

(Part V)

Conclusion

By Dr. Quinn G. McKay

Dean, School of Business and Economics,
Weber State College

● For many families in this modern day, it sometimes seems that the father who has just one job fails to provide what is regarded as an adequate income. This month we shall explore possibilities for supplementing the single salary or wage.

Before we discuss them, it might be appropriate to refer to one of the ideas of a previous article—that is, the greatest opportunity for keeping income and outgo in line lies in controlling the urge to spend.

Holding the family's desires within the father's salary is the key. Keeping up with the Joneses is a realistic disease with which one must reckon. If one sees the neighbors with a new car or boat or taking a long vacation, he usually has the urge to acquire the same, whereas such an urge is not so likely to arise if one is not around

someone who is displaying these labels of affluence. Recognizing and admitting to a desire to emulate the neighbors is the first step for a family to take in controlling the urge to keep up with the Joneses. This is why people should not buy or rent a home in an area where other families have significantly higher incomes. Unless the entire family has unusual self-discipline, such circumstances will breed discontent and frustration.

Seeking sources for extra income can be helpful if caution is taken to see that the individual's health or the family's well-being is not endangered. Let us analyze some possibilities for obtaining the additional cash.

1. *Moonlighting* is the practice of holding down a second job. A surprisingly large number of family supporters engage in moonlighting. In times of temporary financial

emergency or for short periods of time, it may be necessary for a husband to work at two jobs. For instance, it may be a way of allowing a mother to stay home with a young family. And for those ambitious enough to build up a savings account or to maintain their credit rating by meeting financial obligations, this may be worth considering.

However, certain precautions should be taken to avoid dangers inherent in this practice. (1) Once a family becomes accustomed to the extra income, it is difficult to cut back and live on a single income. A law of finance says that expenses will always rise to meet income. (2) All too often, such extra strain gives rise to health problems. Extra income is not worth the risk of a father's becoming physically or emotionally incapacitated. (3) Two jobs will almost preclude a person's contributing to the Lord's work by accepting positions of responsibility in the Church. (4) Too little time is spent with children.

In the days when families lived on farms or engaged in home industry, long hours of work were not so critical to family solidarity, because a father generally worked side by side with his children. Urban living allows a father to spend but a few—often hectic—minutes with his family. When a child asks, "Daddy, come and play with me," a father should think twice before he says, "You'll have to wait until tomorrow. I don't have time." If you wait until you have time, the youngster may never ask again.

2. *Working wives* can provide another source of extra income. For some, it may be essential or desirable. A widow with children often has no choice but to get a job. A young wife may work to help provide the family income so her husband can complete his education. Times of temporary financial stress

may necessitate a wife's working. An older woman with no children at home may want to do something to feel she is contributing. As a result of the use of modern conveniences in the home, homemaking may no longer be a full-time job for a very active woman with no children. However, such women may consider volunteer work and projects as a means of self-fulfillment.

Some working mothers argue that they spend just as much time with the children when they work as when they don't. They go to work just before the children go to school and get home shortly after they return. But it is not always the amount of time one spends with children that is critical; it is the kind of time.

A wife who goes to work just to get over a temporary financial problem may find herself working indefinitely for reasons already mentioned. Before going to work every wife should remember that the family has needs other than material needs. Often, the emotional needs are far more vital than clothes, fancy food, new cars, or a television set. Many times the harmful effects of the mother's absence from the home are not evident for months or even years. Seldom is the good or harm done on a specific day measurable at sundown.

In attempting to gain more money, the family should always remember to keep first things first. It is a matter of attitude. The family is the first and most important consideration. Wages, salaries, homes, and vacations should have as their main purpose promoting the solidarity of the family group and the perfecting of the individual members. Never let money or material acquisitions become an end in and of themselves.

Don't turn family fun into financial folly! ○



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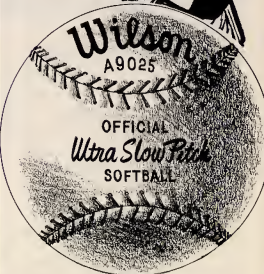
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Lest We Forget



The Manti Temple

By Albert L. Zobell, Jr.
Research Editor



• For eight decades—80 magnificent years—the Manti Temple has stood overlooking Utah's Sanpete Valley, providing a haven where the faithful come to receive their blessings for time and eternity. The Manti Temple was dedicated privately by Wilford Woodruff May 17, 1888, and publicly by Lorenzo Snow on May 21, 1888.

The boundaries of the Manti Temple district were specified in a circular issued by the First Presidency and Council of the Twelve October 25, 1876.

"Here is the spot where the prophet Moroni stood
and dedicated this piece of land. . . ."

Early on the morning of April 25, 1877, President Brigham Young asked Warren S. Snow to go with him to temple hill. Brother Snow related: "We two were alone; President Young took me to the spot where the Temple was to stand; we went to the southeast corner, and President Young said: 'Here is the spot where the prophet Moroni stood and dedicated this piece of land for a Temple site and that is the reason why the location is made here, and we can't move it from this spot. . . .'" (Orson F. Whitney, *Life of Heber C. Kimball* [first edition], p. 447.)

Later in the day, as ground was broken, President Young said: "We now call upon the people . . . for men to come here with teams and wagons, plows and scrapers, picks and shovels, to prepare this ground for the mason work. Let this work be commenced forthwith; and as soon as possible we shall expect from 50 to 100 men every working day throughout the season to labor here. . . . We want to rear this temple with clean hands and pure hearts. . . ." (James E. Talmage, *The House of the Lord*, p. 226.)

Excavation work was begun April 30, with about one hundred people first kneeling in prayer. It took two years of blasting and scraping to get the site ready for the cornerstones, which were laid April 14, 1879, and then the laying of the walls began. The Manti oolite taken from the hill on which the temple stand is a granular rock, uniform in grain and of a fine cream color. The building material had been used extensively in Sanpete County, and in 1852, one piece of Manti stone was sent to Washington, D.C., as Utah Territory's contribution to the Washington Monument.

Construction workers did not receive money for their work on the temple. Church members contributed food and other farm products toward the "temple fund." Eggs laid on Sunday were called "temple eggs" and were given for the temple.

The people of Manti were as hardy and as strong as the temple they were building. They had come to the area in November 1849 on invitation of the Ute Indian Chief Walker. Isaac Morley, their leader, named the new city "Manti" after the Book of Mormon city. Most of the settlers spent the first winter in dugouts beneath the hill of solid rock that later was to be their temple site.

That winter was severe. Men and boys worked daily shoveling snowdrifts from grass so that starving cattle could eat. Horns on the cattle were filed sharp to give them some protection in fights with ravenous wolves. By spring less than half of the 240 cattle

had survived. This was considered a blessing, as the carcasses were given to the Indians, some of whom were not as friendly as at first had been supposed.

With the arrival of the first hot weather in 1850, rattlesnakes emerged from those rocks and tried to take possession of everything. Armed with torches and anything else available, the settlers went to battle. More than 300 snakes were killed, and miraculously, no one was bitten.

President Brigham Young visited in August 1850 and stood inside their log stockade looking at the settlers, understanding their hearts. Then, pointing to quarry hill, he promised that one day a temple would stand on the top of it, overlooking the valley.

During the summer of 1856, when food was scarce, "pigweed" sprang up in abundance on the south side of quarry hill. This edible plant was harvested each morning and boiled, to be served with what little other food the people had. The plant has not grown there since, disappearing as mysteriously as it came.

Scandinavian converts to the Church first settled in Sanpete County in 1853, and the area has long been known as a center for Scandinavians.

For 11 years the people worked hard and long on the Manti Temple before it was finished and dedicated. The twin-towered structure is 171 feet in length, 95 feet in extreme width. The walls are three-and-a-half feet thick at the base, with buttresses four feet in thickness, and both walls and buttresses narrow as they rise. The tower at the east rises to 179 feet, ten feet higher than the west tower. Each tower is 30 feet square at the base. The ground-level surrounding the temple is some 60 feet higher than the street at the foot of the hill.

The interior of the building has two spiral staircases extending from the basement to the roof. Engineers and architects have acclaimed them remarkable in workmanship. In each case the center is open, without any supporting column, and the walnut railings and balusters, winding up 90 feet, with 155 steps through five stories, form a symmetrical coil, perfectly plumb from top to bottom. There are few such staircases in America. Two of them are in this grand old temple, built by craftsmen when Manti was still a pioneer village.

Spiritually the Manti Temple is a light and a center for the people of central Utah even as the physical building is a beacon, seen for miles, guiding travelers approaching it. May the Manti Temple continue to be the center and the goal of those who reside in that district for many times the just completed 80 years.



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The Cultural and Spiritual Influences of the Bible

By Robert J. Matthews

Robert Matthews, a doctoral candidate at Brigham Young University, and academic research director for the seminaries and institutes of the Church School System, is a high counselor in the BYU Fifth Stake.

● Steward Robertson once wrote of the Bible:

"The Bible is an all-time best seller. It is a book with which most of us pretend familiarity, and yet, once we emerge from our ambuscade of pride, it leaves us humble in our ignorance. It is the highest-priced book in the world; it is also the cheapest. It is guarded as a prize in great libraries and museums, yet we keep it confidently in our homes. It is crystal clear; at the same time it is one of the most mysterious of volumes."

The Bible has been called the Book, the Good Book, and the Book of Books.

It is impossible to measure the influence that the Bible has had on the human family; yet one is able to grasp something of the magnitude of its impact throughout a great portion of the world, particularly in western civilization. Spirituality and culture, being somewhat intangible, cannot be measured precisely. One can only conclude that the Bible has affected the thinking and the actions

of men and women on several continents for thousands of years. This influence is evident in our language, our literature, art, and music, our legal code, our organizations, customs, and mannerisms, and even some of our forms of recreation. It permeates our whole society.

The "Ward Teaching Message" for March 1961, issued by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, had these statements:

"The Bible has had a more profound influence upon mankind than any book ever published. It has been translated into [hundreds of] languages and is distributed in every country. The Bible satisfies the upper-most yearnings of the human heart. It confirms the existence of God. . . .

"The framework of Christian religion, present society, and western civilization is founded upon the Holy Bible. . . .

"The most far-reaching influence, however, has been upon man himself. The loftiest ideals of culture and refinement had their

origin in this book. The greatest painters and musical composers reached the peak of their creative powers when reproducing Bible characters and themes. . . . The Bible has inspired more goodness than any other book ever written. The most noble souls measure the extent of their moral responsibility and pattern their lives to conform to the teachings it so eloquently advocates.

"The message of the Bible is the essence of hope. It builds faith in the hearts of its readers. Whether in a state of despair, or of joyful emotion, there is a message in the Bible to stabilize us."

Henry Van Dyke likewise wrote of the Bible in these descriptive words:

"Born in the East and clothed in Oriental form and imagery, the Bible walks the ways of all the world with familiar feet and enters land after land to find its own everywhere. It has learned to speak in hundreds of languages to the heart of man. It comes into the palace to tell the monarch that he is a servant of the Most High, and into the cottage to assure the peasant that he is a son of God. Children listen to its stories with wonder and delight, and wise men ponder them as parables of life."²

Three great religions have roots in the Bible: Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. While these religions may not have limited themselves to the Bible, and may even have departed therefrom, the Bible has had solid influence in their systems of theology and practice.

It is important to note that the Bible was produced by a people who, at that time, had not otherwise been great contributors to the world's culture. The Greeks gave us philosophy, art, sculpture, and much of our vocabulary. The Romans gave us legal forms, government, administration, art, sculpture, music, and much of our vocabulary.

Yet Israel, which produced the Bible and which in modern times has so profoundly influenced the rest of the world in all of these things, was not greatly noted for art, sculpture, music, language, or literature in biblical times. This is not to discredit nor lessen the house of Israel as a people; it is to define more precisely Israel's mission on the earth and to discover the source of her genius.

Although other nations have found ways to develop the visible manifestations of divine truth in expressions of music, painting, sculpture, literature, and other arts, the divine spark that kindled the flame is rooted first in the inspiration and genius that God gave to his chosen servants who recorded the pages of holy writ. Revelation from God was the source, transmission into the lives of human beings the mission, of Israel. (See 2 Ne. 29:4.) Israel's mission in the world is a spiritual mission, and Israelite prophets and apostles were spiritual receptors. Gentile nations have manifested that spiritual message in such material forms as painting and sculpture. Perhaps it was the commandment to neither make nor worship a graven image that restrained Israel from more extensive art forms and caused its efforts to be directed more toward the social sciences, music, and literature.

The Bible's greatest influence has been on the spirit of man himself. It contains the words of God's Spirit speaking to the spirit of man, and the cultural aspects have grown out of this. Yet the spirituality of a man is quite impossible to measure. It is visible only in its outward manifestations of action and behavior, and therefore the extent to which the Bible has changed the attitudes and the lives of individuals simply cannot be computed. The number of hearts that have been changed, com-

forted, and made happy in secret moments of meditation about the contents of the Bible can never be recorded in any earthly book.

Henry Van Dyke discussed the Bible's influence on works of art in these words:

"Suppose, for example, that it were possible to dissolve away all the works of art which clearly owe their being to thoughts, emotions, or visions derived from the Bible—all sculpture like Donatello's David and Michelangelo's Moses; all painting like Raphael's Sistine Madonna and Murillo's Holy Family; all music like Bach's Passion and Handel's Messiah; all poetry like Dante's Divine Comedy and Milton's Paradise Lost,—how it would impoverish the world."³

The list could include an almost endless number of oratorios, cantatas, paintings, works of sculpture, spirituals, hymns, sacred songs, and other works of art of lasting significance.

In discussing the influence of the King James version of the Bible on English literature, Van Dyke wrote:

"The fountain-head of the power of the Bible in literature lies in its nearness to the very springs and sources of human life. . . .

"It would be strange indeed if a book which has played such a part in human life had not exercised an extraordinary influence upon literature. As a matter of fact, the Bible has called into existence tens of thousands of other books devoted to the exposition of its meaning, the defense and illustration of its doctrine, the application of its teaching, or the record of its history. . . .

"In addition, we must reckon the many books of hostile criticism and contrary argument which the Bible has evoked, and which are an evidence of revolt against the might of its influence."⁴

We might note also that many books, novels, treatises, and reports

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that have been written about non-biblical subjects have used biblical phrases for titles. In 1948 the American Bible Society published a list of 1613 such non-religious books with biblical phraseology in the titles.⁵

The compilation was made "to prove the worth of the Bible as pure literature," and therefore all books religious in theme and content were deliberately omitted.

English and American writers have made great use of the King James version of the Bible in their writings. Such literary giants as Shakespeare, Milton, Browning, Wordsworth, Longfellow, George Eliot, Ruskin, Melville, Emerson, and many others employed biblical phraseology, not only by direct quote and subject matter, but also by allusion and paraphrase. This was likewise true of Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, Woodrow Wilson, and other statesmen.

Allusions and direct reference to biblical characters and events are found in all sorts of books. Studies have shown them to be in writings on geography, history, political government, natural science, geology, and other such subjects.

Newspapers and current non-religious journals frequently use biblical phraseology and allusion for dramatic effect. For example, the January 16, 1967, issue of *Newsweek* carried a cover story entitled "Adam Must Leave Eden," and the January 23, 1967, edition used the caption "Handwriting on the Wall." Both of these articles are of a non-religious nature.

As has been the case with literature, so the movie industry has felt the influence of the Bible. Many motion pictures and filmstrips have been produced by private companies for instructional purposes in schools and seminaries. A number of full-length movies for public entertainment have been influenced

by the Bible either by theme or title or both.

Consider such films as *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, *The Ten Commandments*, *The Bible*, *The Sign of the Cross*, *The King of Kings*, *Quo Vadis*, *David and Bathsheba*, *The Story of Ruth*, *Samson and Delilah*, *The Robe*, *Salome*, and *Barabbas*. Other movies and plays, such as *The Little Foxes*, *Our Vines Have Tender Grapes*, *The Sun Also Rises*, *J. B.*, *The Voice of the Turtle*, and *East of Eden*, have derived biblical titles, but were not designed primarily to illustrate biblical themes.

The Bible has had such great influence upon our everyday speech that one hears almost everywhere some phrase being used that had its origin in the Bible. Many of these entered into our language in a time when the Bible was read more often than perhaps it is today, and these phrases have remained in common use among us; yet without an understanding of the source, they lose much of their meaning. It is quite likely that many phrases common to our daily speech are used by persons having little appreciation for their deeper meaning and origin. Consider, for example, the following:

Genesis

east of Eden (3:24)
my brother's keeper (4:9)
the fountains of the great deep (7:11)

a good old age (25:8)
fat of the land (45:18)

Exodus

an eye for an eye (21:24)
Deuteronomy
the wife of thy bosom (28:54)

Joshua

a land flowing with milk and honey (5:6)

Judges

a mother in Israel (5:7)

2 Samuel

thou art the man (12:7)

1 Kings
 a still, small voice (19:12)
Ester
 sackcloth and ashes (4:3)
Job
 hair stood on end (4:15)
 as the sparks fly upward (5:7)
 swifter than a weaver's shuttle
 (7:6)
 cometh forth as a flower (14:2)
 the skin of my teeth (19:20)
 oh, that my adversary had written
 a book (31:35)
Psalms
 out of the mouths of babes and
 sucklings (8:2)
 the cry of the humble (9:12)
 the apple of his eye (17:8)
 green pastures (23:2)
 shadow of death (23:4)
 the ends of the earth (59:13)
 down to the sea in ships (107:23)
 the wings of the morning (139:9)
Proverbs
 better than rubies (8:11)
 stolen waters (9:17)
 apples of gold in pictures of silver
 (25:11)
 heap coals of fire upon his head
 (25:22)
Ecclesiastes
 a time and a place (3:1-8)
 under the sun (6:1)
 the wife of my youth (9:9)
 the battle is not to the strong
 (9:11)
 fly in the ointment (10:1)
 cast your bread upon the waters
 (11:1)
 vanity of vanities (12:8)
Song of Solomon
 the rose of Sharon and lily of the
 valley (2:1)
 our vines have tender grapes
 (2:15)
 the little foxes that spoil the vines
 (2:15)
Isaiah
 Ise is me (6:5)
 four corners of the earth (11:12)
 precept upon precept, line upon
 line (28:10)
 set thine house in order (38:1)
 voice in the wilderness (40:3)

in the hollow of his hand (40:12)
 a drop in the bucket (40:15)
 worlds without end (45:17)
 as a lamb to the slaughter (53:7)
 holier than thou (65:5)
Jeremiah
 balm of Gilead (8:22)
 can a leopard change its spots?
 (13:23)
 teeth are set on edge (31:29)
 the four winds (49:36)
Joel
 the valley of decision (3:14)
Malachi
 the windows of heaven (3:10)
 book of remembrance (3:16)
Matthew
 star in the east (2:2)
 good for nothing (5:13)
 salt of the earth (5:13)
 pearl of great price (13:46)
 blind lead the blind (15:14)
 what God hath joined together
 (19:6)
 den of thieves (21:13)
 sheep from the goats (25:32)
Luke
 the fattened calf (15:23, 27, 30)
Romans
 law unto themselves (2:14)
 the powers that be (13:1)
1 Corinthians
 stumbling block (1:23)
 fashion of this world (7:31)
 the twinkling of an eye (15:52)
2 Corinthians
 a thorn in the flesh (12:7)
1 Thessalonians
 labour of love (1:3)
1 Timothy
 filthy lucre (3:3, 8)
 love of money (6:10)
 root of evil (6:10)
Revelation
 faithful unto death (2:10)
 book of life (3:5)
 living fountains of water (7:17)
 bottomless pit (9:11)
 clear as crystal (21:11, 22:1)

A number of expressions that are
 not exact quotes from the Bible
 carry with them a distinct memory
 of some biblical story, such as, the

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fleshpots of Egypt, Joseph's coat, handwriting on the wall, the widow's mite, the wandering Jew, the mantle of Elijah, manna in the wilderness, a friend of publicans, to wash one's hands of the matter, steady the ark, doubting Thomas, loaves and fishes, mess of pottage.

In addition, there are phrases in our everyday speech that appear to have originated from the Bible but are not direct quotes. For example, the familiar saying "There is no rest for the wicked" might

have come from Isaiah 48:22, which says, "There is no peace . . . unto the wicked." The line "a little bird told me" might have evolved from Ecclesiastes 10:20, "a bird of the air . . . shall tell the matter."

A great many geographical locations have felt the influence of the Book of Books: St. Paul, Minnesota; Corpus Christi, Texas; Bethlehem, Pennsylvania; Boaz, Alabama; Dothan, Alabama; Salome Springs, Arkansas; Bethesda, Maryland; Ephraim, Utah; the Jordan

River in Utah, and a host of others.

Numerous colleges have been given biblical names, such as St. John's (New York), St. Peter's (Maryland), St. Stephen's (Massachusetts), Nazareth College (Michigan), Bethany College (Minnesota), Calvary College (Missouri), and Mt. Olive College (North Carolina).

Our present society has a number of organizations directly attributable to the Bible; for example, Job's Daughters, a young women's organization associated with the Masonic Lodge, perhaps so called because it is recorded that in all the land there were no women so fair as the daughters of Job. (Job 42:15.) The Dorcas Sisters of the Seventh Day Adventist Church is a women's mercy and relief society, named after Dorcas of Acts 9:36-39.

Hunters are frequently known as nimrods (Gen. 10:8-9) and hunter's organizations as nimrod societies.

Even Ananias, the prevaricator of Acts 5:1-11, has been memorialized by present-day Ananias clubs, or so-called liars' clubs, where persons jestingly compete with one another in telling the greatest fictions.

There is an almost unending list of personal and family names that are of biblical origin. This is such a common thing among us that any attempt to illustrate it is unnecessary. So strong has been the desire for biblical names among some groups at certain times that it is reported Calvin once had a man imprisoned for naming his son Claude, a gentile name, instead of Abraham.

Our present legal code, while somewhat Roman in structure, certainly is hebraic in spirit, and much of the law of England and America is founded upon mosaic law. A witness in a formal court of law is asked to place his hand on the Bible and swear to tell the truth.



Richard L. Evans The Spoken Word

"... what to overlook"—and when

The art of being wise," said William James, "is the art of knowing what to overlook." Life without friends, loved ones, companionship, would be too altogether empty. But since people are not perfect, companionship is never perfect. When we associate with people, we take them with their imperfections. But over-emphasizing imperfections leads to unpleasantness, unhappiness, disillusionment. This is so in marriage, in the home, the family, among friends, in every relationship in life. And one of the greatest lessons of life is learning to help people to improve without making them resentful, or shattering their confidence, or destroying our influence with them. Correcting before others is especially embarrassing, and correcting with sarcasm is always hurtful in effect. We, none of us, ever do all we ought to do as well as we ought to do it. No one of us is possessed of all virtues, abilities, or flawless performance. There is no one who is *never* forgetful. No one can always follow a schedule, always have meals precisely on time (or always be there precisely on time), always have the house look as if company were presently expected, always have everything precisely in place. Man is not merely a machine—he is much more—but even machines need understanding, and make errors in performance. There is much to be overlooked in all of us—and much that should *not* be overlooked. But even this can be dealt with in tact and helpfulness, choosing the time, the place, the mood, the method. There are ways of suggesting, forbearing, of correcting in kindness, instead of harsh, cruel, blundering correction that makes people feel small, hurt, resentful. There are times to correct and times not to. There are ways to correct and ways not to. "The art of being wise is the art of knowing *what* to overlook"—and *when*.

* "The Spoken Word" from Temple Square, presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System February 11, 1968. Copyright 1968.

Persons sworn into public office frequently do so with a hand on the Bible. In popular jargon we frequently hear the phrase "swear on the Bible," or even more explicitly "on a stack of Bibles."

Columbus is said to have compiled a "book of prophecies" containing every passage in the Bible that, in his judgment, might be regarded as having reference to the New World. This he finished on September 13, 1501, in preparation for a fourth journey to the Americas.

On numerous occasions, when attempting to enlist the help of Ferdinand and Isabella, Columbus quoted from the Bible those passages that he believed had reference to his mission of exploration. He found the book of Isaiah particularly helpful in this matter. Columbus' frequent writings and utterances evidence that he actually believed he was divinely called to discover new lands, and that he was thus sincere in his use of Bible prophecies.

The Puritans and others came to America partly because they wished to worship as they saw fit and in conformance with their understanding of the Bible.

Thus we see that the Bible has had a great cultural impact on the lives, religious and otherwise, of people in wide areas for many centuries. It is a priceless treasure, a heritage of our race, wielding a greater influence than we are generally aware. Its durability and vast usefulness, assisting in the spiritual need of millions of people for thousands of years, attests to its divinity and to the significant fact that the central figure of the Bible, Jesus Christ, is God of the whole earth. ○

FOOTNOTES

¹Steward Robertson, *Family Circle*, December 12, 1941, p. 20.

²Henry Van Dyke, *Companionable Books* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1922), pp. 11-12.

³*Ibid.*, p. 5.

⁴*Ibid.*, pp. 10-11, 13-14.

⁵Reverend Robert B. Pattison, *Bible Phrases Used as Book Titles* (New York: American Bible Society, 1948).



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A Mother Ten Feet Tall

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But my
mother can do
anything!
She can even
smile when
she's mad.

● "My mother makes the best cookies in the whole world," boasted a small boy. "My mother can make popsicles and all-day suckers," chimed in a four-year-old. And not to be outdone, another little voice exclaimed, "But my mother can do anything. She can even smile when she's mad." Yes, mothers are ten feet tall in the eyes of their children, and deservedly so in most instances.

A mother is:
a goodnight kiss,
a morning glow,
a cheery good-bye,
a rainbow on a dull day,
a shake of the head,
a pat on the back,
a knee to pray beside,
an honest answer,
a conscience stirrer,
an overflowing cookie jar,
an open door to a good tomorrow, and a million other things
—she is ten feet tall.

A child three feet tall or so must lean back and look up in order to see a mother's face. A teenager's glance is usually on a level with a mother's, but when that young son reaches six feet or more, he still should be able to look up to his tiny, five-foot-three mother. This takes a great deal of doing on her part.

As a mother holds her baby for the first time, she begins to merit this love and respect. She must continue day in and day out, year after year, caring constantly and completely, serving and loving, and always seeing promise in her children. A mother can never give up. It helps if she can make delicious cookies and popsicles and lollipops; it helps best of all to earn her children's admiration if she can smile when things don't go quite right; if she can see the happy,

optimistic side of each day; if she can guide without nagging, encourage without making the winning all important; if she can lift without ever tearing down; if she can meet each problem without complaint.

There are other everyday things to do in order for a mother to be ten feet tall. The home should belong to the children as well as to the parents. The doors should be wide open to their friends, and the mother's voice should be heard saying, "Of course, bring the group over after the dance. I'll have some waffle batter and hot chocolate ready for you." It is easy for a mother to say to a daughter or son, "Bring the crowd home after church. We will have a freezer full of ice cream."

This work of a mother's earning the respect and love of her children is constant. If these positive habits are formed, each day and each child will sing with joy. Of course, she is busy with cleaning and cooking and chauffeuring, but time made for mothering pays big dividends. The children must feel strength in their mother, to use her not as a leaning wall, but as starch for their backbones.

Of all ingredients the ten-foot-tall mother must have, love heads the list. This love must be soft and enfolding, yet firm and staunch. A mother's love must include the power of reproof and the fairness of candor. Her love must heal loneliness and encourage manliness. It must help make her daughter a lady and her son a gentleman. A mother's love is all-inclusive. Our Elder Brother, Jesus, had just three years to train 12 men to carry on his precepts. A mother often has 19 or more years to train each child. He loved his disciples

into doing right; so must a mother love her children. A mother listens in love and speaks in love. If a woman can do all this, indeed she will be ten feet tall in the eyes of her children and also in the eyes of the world.

OVERFLOWING COOKIE JARS

Mothers and grandmothers have cookies as their medals of honor. For this Mother's Day and the other 364 days of the year, fill up the cookie jar and receive acclaim.

Cookies can be tricky to make. Do you wonder why your neighbor's cookies are better than yours? Perhaps they have a more delicious flavor, are better textured, and are formed more attractively. Take into consideration the following hints. Always sift the flour before measuring. Too much flour makes a heavy, ill-formed cookie. The texture is greatly improved if the oven is kept up to temperature as one pan of cookies is removed and another placed in the oven. Do not bake a cookie too long. A chewiness is usually desired. Use good ingredients to produce a delicious cookie. Special flavorings are a must, but never forget that butter is the best flavoring of all.

A Cookie for Every Day in the Week

Jumbles (4 or 5 dozen)

- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup soft butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar, packed
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup evaporated milk
- 2 teaspoons vanilla
- $2\frac{3}{4}$ cups sifted flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup shredded coconut
- 1 cup nuts, chopped

Cream well the butter, sugars, and eggs. Add the milk and the vanilla. Sift together the flour, soda, and salt. Blend into the batter. Do not beat. Add coconut and nuts. Drop with teaspoon $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches apart. Bake in a 375° F. oven until light brown in color, about 8 minutes. Cookies are delicious frosted with a browned-butter powdered sugar icing.

No-Bake Brownies (3 to 4 dozen)

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups semisweet chocolate pieces
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups evaporated milk
- 1 cup walnuts or pecans, chopped
- 2 to 3 cups miniature marshmallows
- 3 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 1 cup confectioner's sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon peppermint extract

Melt the chocolate in the evaporated milk over low heat, stirring until thick and smooth. Remove from heat and add to other ingredients. (Reserve $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of the chocolate mixture for frosting.) Turn into an 8x8 buttered pan. Spread reserved chocolate mixture over top. Sprinkle with finely chopped nuts. Chill until ready to serve. Cut into small squares.

Peanut Butter Quickies (5 dozen)

- 1 cup peanut butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup soft butter
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 cups Bisquick

Mix together the peanut butter, butter, sugar, and boiling water. Add vanilla. Beat with electric mixer until smooth. Stir in the biscuit mix. Drop from teaspoon on cookie sheet and bake at 375° F. for about 8 minutes. Bake carefully, because these cookies burn easily.

Drop Brownies (7 to 8 dozen)

- 1 cup butter
- $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 2 teaspoons vanilla
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cocoa
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Beat until light and fluffy the butter, sugar, and eggs. Add the cottage cheese and beat thoroughly. Blend in the vanilla, and gradually add the dry ingredients sifted together. Add the nuts. Drop by teaspoons onto baking

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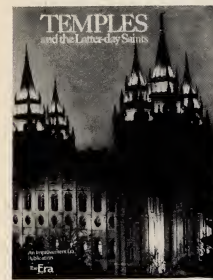
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Scotties

(6 dozen)

1 cup butter
1 1/2 cup sugar
2 1/2 cups sifted flour

Cream the butter and sugar together until light and fluffy. Gradually add the flour and blend well. On lightly floured surface roll dough into a rectangle 1/2-inch thick. Cut into 1-inch squares. With spatula, transfer to baking sheet; prick with a fork. Bake at 300° F. for 25 to 30 minutes. ○

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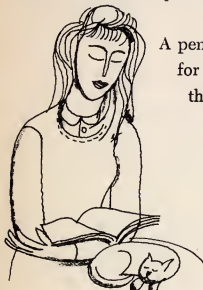
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Home, Sweet Home

• The words, "a penny for your thoughts," deserve the answer, "but they are worth a million dollars." Our thoughts are our private property. Once expressed, they never again belong only to ourselves.

In a home, an individual's privacy should be held inviolate. Each child and parent should



A penny
for your
thoughts

Illustrated by
Phyllis Luch

have a place where he can go and close a door against the world. This, of course, doesn't mean a separate bedroom for each person, but it does mean manipulating space and time so each individual can find solitude.

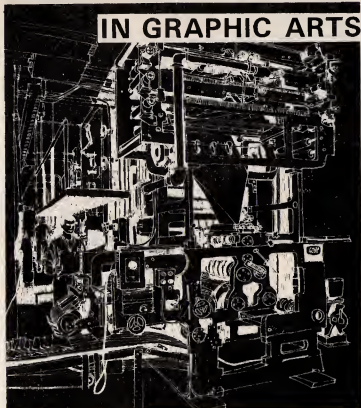
It is difficult to become acquainted with oneself in a crowd. It is almost impossible to think through a problem and come up with the right answer with noise and confusion around. Each one must get off by himself often in order to become a whole person.

There is a great deal of togetherness in a happy home, but this togetherness should be balanced with privacy. A mother's and father's job is to insure this balance. A child is only secure if he enjoys being in a group and also by himself. ○

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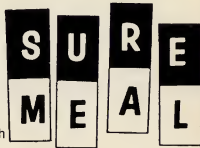
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Bufs and Rebuffs

Genealogy in the Church

Since the publication of your excellent article "The Era Asks About Genealogy in the Church" [February], Brigham Young University has added genealogy research technology to the bachelor's degree programs. The staff includes Norman E. Wright, David H. Pratt, and V. Ben Bloxham. This is believed to be the first baccalaureate degree in genealogical research in the U.S.

Paul Anthon Nielson
Brigham Young University
Provo, Utah

I think *Era* readers will be interested to know that Ricks College, the Church's two-year junior college in Idaho, offers a two-year associate degree in genealogical research. Ricks College will sponsor a two-day seminar this summer, June 27-28, featuring specialists from the Genealogical Society of the Church.

Val D. Greenwood
Ricks College
Rexburg, Idaho

The Face of Job

How very nice to have such an unusual cover for the February *Era*! I have wanted a picture of Job for sometime, and I have wondered just how he might have looked. I wonder if there could be more covers of biblical characters in the future.

Atice H. Blackwell
Gaffney, South Carolina

These Times

As in the past, I found Brother C. Homer Durham's March article, "Normative Structures in the Universe," stimulating and inspiring. In a time when I find myself tempted to follow those who see very complex situations as either black or white, right or wrong, and then attempt to use the Church to defend their personal biases—a time when I am tempted to join the pharisees among us who seek to emphasize the law and ignore the Spirit and are all too anxious to place

others in "compartments" and throw stones—it is refreshing to read Brother Durham's articles as well as many other excellent articles found in the *Era* that remind me that the Savior taught us to understand and love and not to judge and reject.

Steve F. Gilliland
Boston, Massachusetts

I have put off too long this letter of appreciation for the consistently lucid and often provocative essays by G. Homer Durham. It is apparent as I read his monthly contributions that Brother Durham selects with care timely issues of considerable public importance. Since such issues are by their very nature controversial, it is to be expected that not all readers would agree with the way they are presented and interpreted by Brother Durham. For my own part, I appreciate his judicious personal insights.

Gary London
Seattle, Washington

"Son of Dineh"

The story "A Son of the Dineh" [March "Era of Youth"] was so informative, and helped answer our prayers. We have a young Navajo boy in our home who at times is ashamed of his people, and this has been a hard subject for us to really communicate with each other on. After we read this article together, he no longer hid his feelings about his people's traditions and about his inability to accept and be proud of his Indian heritage. The problem isn't solved yet, but at least the story was a start toward his acceptance of himself. Thanks.

Jo Ann Rupp
Salt Lake City

Servicemen Write

Since I became a member of the Church seven years ago, I've wanted to take the opportunity to thank all who have a hand in the *Era* for the publication of a wonderful magazine. I read it from cover to cover and enjoy it very much, as I'm sure others do. Now that I'm in the service, I derive so much more satisfaction from good literature to read.

Barry Dalton
APO San Francisco, California

I am an elder of the Church, serving in Germany in the armed forces. Under these conditions I do find myself depressed. I have found whenever I get depressed that just looking through the *Era* really makes me feel great and in good spirits again, and I find my troubles forgotten by the time I start reading. Shortly I find tears in my eyes due to the messages presented in such a wonderful way. My elders quorum purchased for me a year's subscription to the *Era*, and I shall always be grateful to them. The magazine has helped me a great deal. I wish that every bishop, branch president, or elders quorum president would see to it that every serviceman of their ward or branch received the *Era*.

PFC Michael A. Searle
Munich, Germany

Era of Youth

What a tremendous satisfaction you must receive each month as the *Era* goes to press with another great "Era of Youth" section. I keep thinking you'll run out of ideas, but each issue seems even more creative and timely than the one before. In my fourteenth year of teaching MIA I truly feel I need all the

help and new ideas I can find. The "Era of Youth" is about the only extra material I use anymore to supplement our lesson manuals. No matter what I need or want—pictures, poems, stories, illustrations, or examples—you've always thought of it first, and it's right there waiting for me to use.

Lenore N. Cornwall
Salt Lake City



Richard L. Evans

The Spoken Word

Taking time to listen . . .

Besides seeking counsel, which for all of us is so essential, there is another side of the subject: taking time to listen so that we can give counsel with a full enough knowledge of facts. "Lately I have thought a lot about 'listening' . . .," said Hannie Struve. "How often you hear a little child complain . . . 'you're not listening!' And how easily the mother replies, 'What do you want?' And mostly the child does not really 'want' anything, only to communicate. . . ." Taking time to listen—to children, young people, others! Sometimes they are reluctant to seek counsel because they receive impatient replies. "Why do we parents so often say, 'I'm busy now?'" asked one thoughtful observer. "Why do we . . . not realize that a child is like a sunbeam—here for a moment and then gone somewhere else."² Talking—listening—patience, willingness to learn enough before jumping to quick conclusions. Sometimes in just letting them talk and using us for listening, they will come soberly, safely to their own conclusions. But when two people both talk at once, when they cut each other short, or when they don't talk at all, there aren't likely to be any satisfactory answers. Yes, it takes time to listen, but it takes time to correct mistakes once they have been made. "Dear Lord, make me a better parent," pleaded Gary Cleveland Myers. "Teach me to understand my children, to listen patiently to what they have to say, and to answer all their questions kindly. Keep me from interrupting them, talking back to them, and contradicting them. Make me as courteous to them as I would have them be to me."³ With too many misjudging, too many making mistakes, with too few taking time to listen, counsel cannot seem as satisfactory as it should. "The key is communication," said a recent source. "'Can't you see I'm busy?' . . . ought to be banned [by parents]. 'Listen' ought to be [implanted] over every parent's heart."⁴ If only we could feel we have been heard! If only we would listen when we should!

¹Hannie Struve, *Sunrise Magazine*, July 1967.

²Robert M. Neal, "I Get to KNOW My Boy," *Parents' Magazine*, February 1946.

³Gary Cleveland Myers, "A Parent's Prayer."

⁴"On Being an American Parent," *Time*, December 15, 1967.

* "The Spoken Word" from Temple Square, presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System March 3, 1968. Copyright 1968.



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The Church Moves On

February 1968

18 Las Vegas (Nevada) Central Stake was organized under the direction of Elder Howard W. Hunter of the Council of the Twelve and President Marion D. Hanks of the First Council of the Seventy from parts of the Las Vegas North Stake. Samuel M. Davis was sustained president of the stake with Arden J. Sampson and Harold D. Johnson as counselors. This is the 451st stake of the Church now functioning.

New stake presidencies: President James Kent Seastrand and counselors Willard Kowallis and Marvin L. White, Las Vegas North Stake; President Charles L. Welling and counselors Irving W. Abbott and Larry K. Brown, Alaska Stake; President Wayne Lewis Allison and counselors David Hanne-mann and Ross Sorensen, Oahu (Hawaii) Stake.

24 The First Presidency announced the appointment of Charles W. Nibley III of North Hollywood, California, as president of the Southern States Mission, succeeding President Ray B. Evanson.

The appointments of D. Gordon Paxman, Ralph G. Rodgers, Jr., David R. Veit, and Ronald Q. Frederickson to the general board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association were announced.

28 The Provo City Commission passed an ordinance annexing the proposed Provo Temple site and parts of the Brigham Young University auxiliary services complex.

New stake presidency: President

Henry C. Gorton and counselors Leo E. Bendixen and Jess Boyd Eskridge, Columbus (Ohio) Stake.

March 1968

3 Elder Kenneth Milo House, 20, Ogden, Utah, serving in the Great Lakes Mission, died early this morning following a head-on collision at Wyandotte, Michigan. His companion, Elder Blaine A. Cherry, Caldwell, Idaho, was hospitalized.

Huntsville (Alabama) Stake, 452nd now functioning, was created from portions of the Southern States Mission by Elder Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve and Elder ElRay L. Christiansen, Assistant to the Twelve. Raymond D. McCurdy was sustained as stake president with William R. Bullington and Wesley B. Morgan as counselors.

8 The Argentine government confirmed today that visas are being denied to 200 Mormon missionaries from the United States. Hector Rafael Oligado, spokesman for the Argentine government, said the visas were being denied because Argentina is a Roman Catholic country. "It's for Argentines, not for foreigners, to handle matters pertaining to the spirit of the people," he said.

The Lake By Virginia Scott Miner

*A century or so ago the lake
Lapped at the foot of the hill.
Now for fifty yards it is green—
A tunnel of path lit here and
there
By black-eyed Susans,
Leaving the benison of water
In a spring at the foot of the hill.*

*The lake is a lesson in how
To be diminished gracefully,
Saying that beauties are not
More or less so much as simply
Different.*

11 Seventy teams, playing in eight gymnasiums in the Salt Lake Valley, began the annual all-Church basketball tournament. Last evening at devotional services at the Tabernacle the players and coaches were addressed by President N. Eldon Tanner of the First Presidency and Elder Alvin R. Dyer.

12 Buenos Aires newspaper *La Prensa* wrote in an editorial that the denial of visas to Mormon missionaries violates Argentina's constitutional rights to freedom of religion. There are some 17,000 members of the Church in Argentina.

14 The Argentine ambassador to the United States and the U. S. State Department indicated a favorable solution is expected to be worked out to end the withholding of visas to Mormon missionaries. Senator Frank E. Moss of Utah quoted Ambassador Alsogaray as saying: "The situation arose as a result of a misunderstanding, and I assure you, in a matter of days we will return to the same policy our country has always followed."

15 Holladay (Salt Lake County) Third won the senior division of the all-Church basketball tournament by defeating Baldwin Park (California), 75-68. Glenwood (Utah) placed third; American Fork (Utah) Twelfth, fourth; Mesa (Arizona) First, fifth and sportsmanship; and Perry (Utah), sixth.

South Weber (Utah) defeated Benion (Salt Lake County) for the junior division title, 50-40. Sugar City (Idaho) placed third and sportsmanship; Whittier (California) Seventh, fourth; Tremonton (Utah) Third, fifth; and Phoenix (Arizona) Sixth, sixth.

Brigham Young University Third won the college ward division from University of Utah Sixth, 87-71. Berkeley placed third; Richs Eighth, fourth; Arizona State Second, fifth; and College of Southern Utah Second, sixth.

17 For the past week the various units of Relief Society have been holding special anniversary programs commemorating the founding of the first Relief Society at Nauvoo, Illinois, March 17, 1842—126 years ago today. Beginning with 18 women, Relief Society now numbers almost 300,000.

19 President David O. McKay was presented the Exemplary Manhood Award by students of Brigham Young University. The award was presented to him at his Salt Lake City apartment. His son, Dr. Edward R. McKay, represented him at the presentation program on the campus. ○



Richard L. Evans

The Spoken Word

Who is man that he should forget?

However fast and far we may have moved, however much we may have done or made, there are ever and always unanswered questions—searching; for purpose, for meaning, for assurance. And ever and always there is need for the simple essentials: happiness, health, loved ones; duty, decency; service, sincerity. And add to all of these humility—humility that comes with knowing how little we know of all there is to know. We discover a little, we control some things, sometimes, in some degree. But nature, the weather, the seasons; time, the tides; age, illness; life and death, take us where they will, with all our little words and wisdom, in the little parts we play, and with the search unceasing, for truth and for ultimate answers. Who knows how two cells join and divide—some to become an eye, some a tooth, some the hair of the head? Who can make a seed that will grow, or a blade of grass, a worm, or a single living cell? Who can answer the questions God asked of Job so many centuries ago: "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? When . . . all the sons of God shouted for joy? . . . declare, if thou hast understanding. . . . Where is the way where light dwelleth? . . . Who hath [caused] it to rain on the earth. . . ? Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? . . . Hast thou given the horse strength? . . . Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom . . . ? Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts?"¹ Who gave the body power to heal itself? Who gave instinct to animals? What would we do if spring didn't come, if seeds didn't grow, if we didn't have our harvest? Men have done much, learned much, discovered much, but not enough to justify conceit. And against all sophistry and self-sufficiency, we still are children before an Infinite Father—with all our need for happiness, health, humility, loved ones, duty, decency, service, sincerity. And to the classic question, "What is man, that thou are mindful of him?"² there is yet another: Who is man that he should forget?

¹Job 38, 39.

²Psalms 8:4.

* "The Spoken Word" from Temple Square, presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System February 18, 1968. Copyright 1968.

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The British Cutback

These Times

By Dr. G. Homer Durham
President, Arizona State University

● Two years ago this column asserted that "Diego Garcia, an atoll, may become a new Anglo-American link in the effort to transmute the nineteenth century's security system into the twenty-first century's needs." ("Diego Garcia and the Indian Ocean," "These Times," April 1966.) Since January 16, 1968, that sentence may well be rewritten, dropping the prefix "Anglo" from the "Anglo-American link."

On January 16, 1968, Her Majesty's Government announced that by December 31, 1971, all British bases outside Europe and the Mediterranean will be closed, except for a small "police" contingent in Hong Kong. Nearly 52,000 British servicemen are to be brought home. Hong Kong may retain the 6,000 Gurkha mercenaries I saw deployed in the "New Territories," adjacent to the Red Chinese border, during my visit in 1965. The following bases are to

be demobilized by British forces: Singapore, Bahrain, and Sharjah (Persian Gulf). Between Singapore and Bahrain lies the Indian Ocean. Suez has already passed to the United Arab Republic (Egypt). At the mouth of the Red Sea, Aden, with 10,000 British troops, was evacuated last December.

These actions are a consequence of the declining economic strength of the island kingdom. Britain came to the point, following devaluation of the pound, from which further costs of overseas bases could not be met. The action places the United States of America at another critical crossroad.

British cutbacks were predictable after 1919. Former crown colonies had become "Dominions" and then independent members of the family of nations by the time of the 1931 Statute of Westminster. After 1945, British India and Burma became independent



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Burma, India, Pakistan, and Ceylon. British Africa became a score of new African nations. The life-line, the commercial skill, the English language and culture, the symbolism of the Crown became faint links of nineteenth century empire. South Africa, Burma, and Eire broke away altogether. Suez, Cyprus, and Malta were lost or reconstituted. Gibraltar's return was demanded by Spain.

The American Greek-Turkish aid program, the "Truman Doctrine" of 1946, and the Marshall Plan of 1947-48 were the initial American responses to British withdrawal. But now the last British military, naval, and air "presence" is gone.

In "Diego Garcia and the Indian Ocean," it was stated that "war in Vietnam takes place in this context. . . ." Will the American "presence" in Vietnam lead to bases elsewhere in the Asia-Africa-Indian Ocean area?

Since assuming some previous British responsibilities after 1945, American foreign policy has followed two tracks and one "sound truck," so to speak, in constructing a global security system. The "sound truck," of course, has been the United Nations, a mixed effort and experience in international organization. This international "sound truck," with its cacophony from all members, has served many important purposes. But it has not represented the main thrust of American power, nor of the power of other states possessing that commodity.

The main thrust of American power has gone down the two tracks. Track one was to support and assume the global responsibilities of the British, the French, the Dutch, and the Portuguese—in one degree or another. Thus American naval and air bases bloomed all over the world. "SAC"

(the Strategic Air Command) undertook its daily missions of "deterrence." Global surveillance by U-2s, later the satellites, and electronic "spy ships" were employed. Military aid and "mutual assistance" pacts were developed: NATO, SEATO, and the rest. This has been costly for the military expenditures both at home and abroad.

Efforts down track one attempted to supplant the British-European global system, without incurring the wrath and ill will of the peoples who strived to throw off the European ties to gain their own independence. This has been an almost impossible task. But America has tried. It has constructed, since 1946, an entirely new system of cultural and educational exchange of economic aid, the Point Four of President Truman's 1946 policy. This leads us to track two.

Track two has seen the export of American technical assistance, loans, and grants—military and economic, educational and cultural—in an effort to help the former colonies stand on their own feet. This has been expensive. But in the process thousands of Americans have learned a great deal—in Ghana, Pakistan, Libya, and throughout the non-Communist world.

Now comes the bitter test of American policy, especially in the areas to be abandoned by the last British outposts. Will the new nations stand? Can they resist encroachment by others?

The Russians and the Red Chinese are close at hand. Chinese junks plied the Indian Ocean, the Persian Gulf, and the Red Sea for thousands of years before the British came. Can tension between the United States, Russia, China, the SEATO and the Colombo (economic) Plan powers

provide an equilibrium in which Malaysia, Indonesia, Pakistan, India, Burma, Afghanistan, Iran, and the Arabian States can maintain independence? (It should be remembered that British defense treaties with the oil-rich sheikdoms of Arabia, including Kuwait, are also being cancelled.)

The British cutbacks of 1968 cast the Vietnam war in the light of global strategy. American action or withdrawal becomes more difficult—not sentimentally, but actually. Accumulated interests and pressures from the West have built up since the sixteenth century. I saw Red Chinese trade missions in East Africa in the summer of 1966, as well as Libby, McNeill, and Libby salesmen from the West.

Will American interests, including oil, permit a Russian or Chinese defense agreement with Kuwait or Bahrain? Russian aid, as Egypt required for the Aswan Dam? Or will the United States be forced into the British defense role in the Red Sea, Persian Gulf, Indian Ocean area? Are we not already committed without physical bases? Can the United States afford it?

With the export of dollars flowing rapidly through private as well as governmental channels, the question is more than academic. A more important question exists. What is wise and best? For the immediate future we can expect any American administration to "pick up" the remaining British commitments in whatever ways are available. But Asia is an economic sinkhole. The internal depth and capacity of its poverty may require more than the fantastic American economy can ever pump into it. The new Asian and African nations must be encouraged to stand on their own feet. The United Nations "sound truck" must slowly be re-

fashioned into a real "track" for a variety of international, cooperative systems. Otherwise the load on the United States may be more than can be carried. America must also conserve and build its own strength and capacity.

Rudyard Kipling was an Englishman whose words America must not forget:

"Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire;

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

On a beautiful June evening in 1966, the British embassy in Tripoli, Kingdom of Libya, was celebrating the Queen's birthday. The diplomatic corps, representing all nations at the Libyan capital, was there. The sun was setting. Near the banks of the blue Mediterranean stood the tall flagpole, bearing the Union Jack. Her Majesty's ambassador stood on the veranda, overlooking the verdant grounds. He politely called for attention. He made a graceful little speech, offering a toast to King Isdris and the toast to Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth. Then we stood at attention as the colors, the Union Jack, were retired for the coming night. There was no Marine Band, nor Black Watch pipes, nor Horse Guards' riding musicians. It was a new age. The national anthem, "God Save the Queen," was played on a phonograph record and on a small machine. As a descendant of Englishmen, and an American inheritor of what came to be English liberty under the law, a lump came to my throat. I surveyed the scene as the Union Jack came down, there in the Libyan desert, by the edge of the sea. "God save the Queen," I thought. I also thought, "God save the United States!" ○

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HALL'S REMEDY

Salt Lake City, Utah

End of an Era



A mission had been in the mind of our son since he was old enough to plan, so when his call came to go to South Germany, excitement ran high. The weeks to follow were crowded with memorizing lessons, medical and dental appointments, shopping, obtaining a passport, and numerous other activities. With a head full of missionary thoughts, he stopped at the bank one day to buy travelers' checks. "What denomination?" asked the bank teller. "LDS." "What?" "Oh," the missionary looked chagrined, "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." When the teller still looked puzzled, he suddenly blushed as he realized what denomination he meant. "Ten dollars, please!" —Mrs. Gloria Barber, Pasco, Washington

Illustrated by Ted Nagata

Men are what their mothers made them.—Ralph Waldo Emerson

With parenthood such a glorious experience, how important it is that we have reverence for it.
—Elder Boyd K. Packer

A country minister posted this notice on the church door: "Brother Smith departed for heaven at 4:30 p.m." The next day he found penciled below his note: "Heaven, 9:00 a.m.: Smith not in yet—great anxiety."

A man asked to be excused from jury duty because he was deaf in one ear. "I don't think that will matter," said the judge. "We hear only one side of a case at a time."

My four-year-old son, in a pensive mood, asked, "Do you like everybody in the world, Mommy?" "I like most people," I answered. Still thoughtful, he said, "I guess I don't love everybody in the world, but I love everybody in my life."
—Mrs. J. C. Russler, Jr., Huntsville, Alabama

Blessed are they who have nothing to say, and who cannot be persuaded to say it.
—James Russell Lowell

There were the centuries of the dark ages when the heavens were as iron, when there were no revelations recorded; but more than a century ago, the iron ceiling was shattered, since which time revelations have been continuous.
—Elder Spencer W. Kimball

'Twixt optimist and pessimist The difference is droll: The optimist sees the doughnut, The pessimist, the hole.
—McLanburgh Wilson

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